

# THE CHAUTAUQUAN

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**P**ERSISTENT agitation of the question of forcing President Roosevelt to become a candidate for the next Republican nomination for the chief magistracy, or of securing a tacit promise from him to accept the nomination if tendered without opposition in his own party, has constrained him to reiterate his famous and voluntary—and absolutely unequivocal—declaration with regard to a third term. He had been accused of a “game of hide and seek” with the people on that question; politicians—some sincere supporters of Rooseveltian policies, and others professing such support for selfish reasons—had been circulating all sorts of rumors on the subject; national committeemen had been frankly expressing uncertainty as to the situation; correspondents were saying that as Mr. Bryan was the only Democratic candidate, Mr. Roosevelt simply must be named by the Republicans “to defeat him,” since no other man could; and the Democrats had offered a resolution in Congress, similar to that which was adopted with little practical dissent during the second term of General Grant in the White House, declaring the anti-third-term tradition to be as binding, necessary and as salutary as ever. In view of these and other things Mr. Roosevelt felt that the time to speak once more, and with equal emphasis, on the question, had come. He will not be a candidate, and under no circumstances will he accept another nomination for the presidency. It is impossible to say more than Mr. Roosevelt has said and, to the great majority of citizens, unnecessary to say anything more.

But there are certain third-term "boomers" who have not been silenced and will not be. They are still saying that a command from the party, from the whole party, as represented by the national convention, to serve the people will override every consideration or objection based on consistency, personal honor, inclination, and so on, and compel Mr. Roosevelt to accept another nomination in spite of two, ten, or a hundred unqualified and earnest statements to the contrary. There is no possibility of meeting this sort of prophecy or speculation, and doubtless Mr. Roosevelt will ignore it henceforth. Serious advocacy of his re-nomination by men of weight and loyalty to him is out of the question, however, and this is the view generally taken in the press.

The immediate effect of the President's reiteration is to strengthen materially the candidacies of those Republicans who are most likely to continue the Roosevelt policies. The Taft candidacy has been helped to some extent, as has that of Gov. Hughes of New York, whom his followers and admirers continue to regard as a candidate for the presidential nomination, though not one word from him is expected on the situation. The "field" is still free, however, and the soberest observers believe that no candidate can afford to "rest on his oars" and assume that the fight for the nomination is won.



### The Currency and Readjustment

On the surface there are few traces of the financial crisis which was precipitated in October. The business interests have been remarkably calm, and the banks of the country have had little to complain of on the part of their depositors. The monetary stringency was practically over by the end of December. The imports of gold from abroad, the Treasury measures of relief, the sound condition of the country banks, especially west, had all contributed to ease the situation. The payments of currency by the great banks

of the centers was gradually resumed, and the various certificates and substitutes for "lawful money" that had been issued in many places were called in as the supply of currency and specie increased in the country's circulation.

But two serious problems have remained as a legacy of the crisis, and they are not easy of solution. One is the revision of our banking and currency laws in the light of recent experiences so as to provide reasonable assurance against the recurrence of the same troubles. Congress, the bankers, theoretical students of finance are now wrestling with this question, and the widest differences of opinion as to the remedies needed have been revealed by the discussion. All agree that the currency system as it stands is irrational, unprogressive, inelastic, unscientific, a thing of shreds and patches. It is different from any European system, or from that of Canada, and is the survival of the civil war era to a large extent. But even those who are most outspoken in the denunciation of the existing system, like Professor Sumner of Yale, become very cautious and uncertain when suggestions of radical changes therein are proposed.

Of such proposals two are particularly prominent: Several leading bankers and statesmen advocate the establishment of a Bank of the United States, such bank to be the fiscal agent of the government, to keep its funds and to have a monopoly of the note issue. It is true that our experience with banks of the United States has not been pleasant, and the fight of President Jackson on Biddle is still vividly remembered. But it is held that the conditions today are different; that the Treasury is obliged to be in politics far deeper than the Biddle institution ever really was, and that the abuse of the power and influence of the proposed central bank could be prevented by effective legislation and proper control.

Strong arguments are made in favor of this solution, and the practice of Europe affords an impressive object

lesson. Yet no one believes that there is any possibility of legislation creating a bank of this kind and taking away the privilege of the national banks to issue notes based on government bonds. The alternative radical solution is to leave the banking system undisturbed but to authorize "asset currency," that is, notes secured not by government bonds, but by the general assets—securities, commercial paper, etc., of the banks, the government to guarantee these notes and to maintain a fund for their redemption out of the proceeds of a tax upon the banks. Such a currency would be elastic—would rise and fall with the expansion and contraction of trade and commerce—and it is insisted that it can be made absolutely safe as well.

It is not likely that Congress will adopt this solution in preference to the other. The probability is that nothing radical will be attempted in dealing with the currency, and that the outcome of the whole discussion will be a simple measure authorizing the issue of "emergency currency" in seasons of special need, such as the crop-moving period. Such currency is issued in Germany, in France, and elsewhere, and it prevents stringencies and disturbing fluctuations in the interest rate. It is proposed to tax emergency notes 5 or 6 per cent., in order to insure their retirement at the first favorable moment and thus do away with the danger of inflation and an oversupply of money, which invariably breed speculation and unsound business enterprises. The emergency notes would be secured by bonds other than governmental at a certain prescribed percentage of their face value.

The other problem which the crisis has left the country to solve is that of a business readjustment, of restricting production in some direction and lowering prices. It is admitted by all that undue expansion of trading and manufacturing, largely on borrowed capital, had much to do with causing the crisis, and that too much encouragement had been given by the banks to doubtful business ventures. Busi-



ness readjustment is necessarily a slow process, but it need not be excessively painful, and the hope is that it will be effected this year without wholesale discharges of labor and wage reductions.



### Oklahoma the New State

In November, President Roosevelt issued his proclamation declaring that Oklahoma had complied with the congressional enabling act, had adopted a constitution that provided for a republican form of government, and was therefore entitled to admission into the sisterhood of states. Since then she has elected two Senators, her first legislature has met, and she has been exercising the rights of independent statehood.

Oklahoma is the forty-sixth state in the Union. Her population is estimated at 1,350,000, of whom only 40,000 are negroes. Her natural resources are varied and opulent, her degree of culture high, her industries well developed, and her future extremely bright. Her percentage of illiteracy is as low as that of proud and old Massachusetts, and her population energetic, intelligent and advanced. Her constitution is "radical," but if it errs, it errs on the side of public advantage and public protection. Her anti-monopoly legislation, her referendum, her safeguards against boss and machine rule, will be watched with sympathy and interest by many older states. The day which saw her entrance into the sisterhood also saw the establishment of prohibition within her boundaries.

Utah was made a state in 1896, and since then no star has been added to the flag till now. Only two Territories remain as candidates for statehood, New Mexico and Arizona and their admission, agitated for years, may be postponed on account of the controversy over the desirability of forcing them to consolidate and apply for statehood as one commonwealth. There is a strong opposition to such union, and as Congress is reluctant to create two new states, the

settlement of the question may take time, though the President, for his part, has decided to waive the demand of union as a condition of admission.

Alaska and Porto Rico will in due time give us difficult problems to solve, but at present neither thinks of statehood as a possibility. The Philippines are too distant, and are in Asia, not in America. Independence, it is now freely admitted, is far more probable in their case—or perhaps something like “Canadian autonomy”—than statehood and membership in our Union.



### The Demand for Waterway Development

There has been a remarkable revival in the country of the movement for improving and developing the great American rivers and waterways. The people of the west, far west and southwest have taken hold of the question with intense earnestness and enthusiasm, and the demand as formulated by them is for a waterway from “the Lakes to the Gulf.” Two conventions have recently been held to promote this great project. The first expected result of the agitation is a 14-foot channel from Chicago to New Orleans. The Chicago drainage canal, which has already cost about \$40,000,000 and which is by no means completed—for important extensions and improvements are projected—is to serve as the first link in the great chain of deepened and widened channels and rivers that is to enable the Mississippi Valley to use its waterways as Europe is using hers for the development of trade and commerce.

For decades the railroads have monopolized the traffic at the expense of the water facilities, being cheaper and more convenient and progressive. But a reaction has naturally come about in consequence of the admitted inability of the railroads to handle all the traffic with their present inadequate track mileage and terminal facilities. There has been great difficulty in getting capital for railway extensions, for double tracking, and for replacing antiquated rolling

stock; and while opinions differ as to the causes of this phenomenon—some alleging "radical" agitation and legislation to be the main factors, others believing that capital is scarce at present, while still others accuse the railroad managers of misdeeds and blunders that could not fail to undermine confidence in their securities—it is plain that for many years to come the farmers, the manufacturers, the merchants and all others will suffer delay and loss on account of the backward condition of the railroad industry. Hence, apart from theoretical ideas as to the value and usefulness of rivers and canals as promoters of trade, a great practical necessity has arisen for waterway development.

A commission created by Congress is at work on the great problem, and there is no disposition to commit the government to enormous expenditures in advance of the most expert scientific investigation into the question.

The gigantic Mississippi improvement project is only one of many river-and-canal development schemes that have been launched or revived. In the east and south the "inland Atlantic Coast waterway," an unbroken passage from Boston to Beaufort, N. C., is being actively promoted. A convention at Philadelphia, at which seventeen states were represented, enthusiastically indorsed it. And it is worthy of note that great railway builders and managers are supporting instead of opposing these projects. They believe that the country cannot safely depend on railroads alone, and that the growth of our trade and industry is such that there will be traffic for all carriers. Mr. James J. Hill has been one of the most earnest advocates of waterway development.

There is a conservative element in the country which holds that "one great project at a time" is a sound motto, and that we ought to complete and open the Panama canal before putting hundreds of millions into waterways at home. To what degree this sentiment will influence Congress, remains to be seen. But the movement has "a future."

## Immigration and Emigration

The months of October, November, and December witnessed an extraordinary increase in the number of departures of aliens from the country. The movement was spoken of as a veritable exodus, and agents of steamship companies estimated that about 500,000 immigrants would be shown to have returned to their homes during 1907. The exodus is attributed by many to the business reaction in the United States, for the tens of thousands of laborers whom the railroads, mining companies, and manufacturing concerns "laid off" in the weeks immediately following the financial crisis preferred, it is believed, to spend the winter in Europe, where prices are lower and the standards of living more modest. Many of them are expected to come back in the spring, especially if industry and commerce should revive by that time. It is well known that the majority of the aliens carried away comfortable sums of money, representing the savings of their stay with us. Some estimates place the amount of money thus taken out of the country at over \$100,000,000.

However, Europe is decidedly alarmed over this return of so many of her laborers, and fears that large numbers of them will soon be destitute and in need of public relief or private charity. In the parliaments of Germany and Austria and Italy the question what to do for these returned emigrants has been raised in formal interpellations. The lesson of these facts is that the immigration-emigration problem has assumed an international character and that it may be found needful to call an international conference to deal with it. Our present immigration law provides for such a conference at the discretion of the President, and it is reported that Mr. Roosevelt is advised to issue a call for one.

Whatever effect the business recession may have on next year's immigration, the fiscal year 1907 saw another "record-breaking" total of admissions. The number of newcomers for the year is given in the annual report of



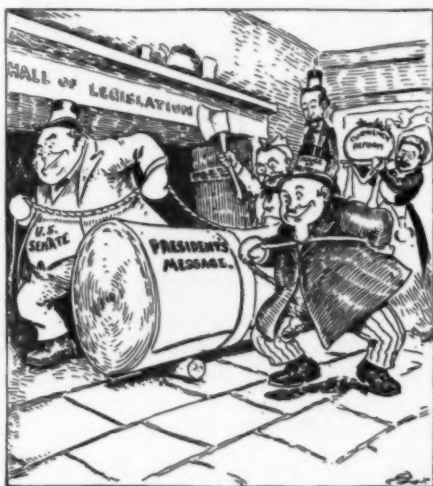
Gustave V, the New  
King of Sweden.



Oscar II, the late  
King of Sweden.



The late Lord Kelvin,  
famous Physicist  
and Inventor.



BRINGING IN THE YULE LOG.

—Cartoon from *Minneapolis Journal*.



THE STANDING CRUSADER.

President Roosevelt: "Follow me!" (or 35,000 words to that effect. See President's Message to Congress).

—Cartoon from Punch.

the commissioner general as 1,298,413. Only about 13,500 aliens were rejected for one or another of the enumerated legal causes and compelled to return. The great bulk of the immigration for the year came from Austro-Hungary, Italy, and Russia. The aggregate for these countries was 883,126. Great Britain sent us 110,000 persons, Germany only 39,000, and France less than 10,000. The number of Japanese immigrants more than doubled as compared with 1906, in spite of the troubles and agitation on the Pacific Coast and the efforts of the Japanese government to restrict direct emigration to the United States.

The South made a good beginning in the direction of procuring desirable European laborers for her factories and farms, but it has been found difficult to distribute the immigration widely. Branch offices of the New York bureau of information and guidance, to facilitate such distribution, will probably be established in the larger cities.



### Socialism and English Politics

In municipal elections recently held in Great Britain the Socialists suffered heavy defeats, and the Tories, not the Liberals and Labor party, reaped the benefits of this anti-socialist wave. It is contended by Tory organs that the Socialist reverses indicate likewise a reaction against liberalism, which, it is charged, has made too many concessions to radicalism and alarmed the taxpayers and the propertied classes. It is a fact that of late the whole Tory campaign against the party in power has been deliberately based on the assertion that liberalism and socialism are close allies, so that the supremacy of the former must involve greater and greater victories for the latter. The Liberal papers admit that there is a "Socialist scare" or panic in Great Britain, and that thousands of voters, in their determination to hit at socialism give the Tories the benefit of every doubt and suppress their own liberal leanings and preferences.



They believe, however, that the scare is subsiding, and that when the next general election takes place the Liberals will again attract the voters who are at heart in sympathy with them on the cardinal national and imperial issues.

The question is interesting because it is probable that the Campbell-Bannerman government will find it necessary or expedient to dissolve parliament long before the expiration of its legal term. There are those who believe that the general election will be ordered within a year. This belief is founded on the legislative situation and the consequent struggle between the Commons and the Lords. The upper house has rejected several government bills of importance, and its present mood is so aggressive and unrepentant that it is expected to use its veto just as freely next year. The government will introduce another education bill, another land bill for Scotland, and other "contentious" measures. It has carried an anti-Lords resolution through the Commons and will not submit to the dictation of the partisan hereditary chamber where it thinks it reflects the sentiment of the majority. An appeal to the electors will become necessary in such an event, and the paramount issue then will be the "mending or ending" of the upper house.

The paramount, but not the only issue. Both parties recognize that they must present constructive and advanced programs of social reform to the working people. Negative issues will not do, and political reforms alone are not sufficient. Such questions as old-age pensions, housing of the poor, employment for the involuntarily idle, industrial arbitration, and so on, must be dealt with. The Tories are promising labor quite as much as the Liberals, and neither party can accuse the other of socialism without laying itself open to the same charge. Labor, for its part, is not committed to socialism, but it favors a good deal of social legislation that has loosely been called socialistic. Even the Socialists care more for things than for labels and are willing to realize their policies piecemeal.

## The Philippine Assembly

We have had so much to attend to and think about at home that little attention has been paid here to the Philippine National Assembly and its doings. Yet the convening of that popular assembly, the first since annexation, was an event of historic interest, and the work of the representatives of the civilized and pacified Filipinos is worth watching. It is giving promise of capacity and statesmanship. It was in October that the first Philippine national assembly was called to order and organized. Secretary Taft was present on that occasion and delivered a frank, practical, reassuring address to the representatives of the enfranchised Filipinos and the islanders at large. He told them that American policy in and toward the islands had been consistent and progressive; that municipal and provincial self-government had been granted first, that a native constabulary and a largely native judiciary had been established, and that the success of those steps had logically led to the grant of national self-government on a limited but substantial scale; that the government would willingly extend and increase Philippine self-government as the islanders, as voters and citizens, revealed capacity for it. With regard to the future, Mr. Taft denied that the government entertained the idea of disposing of the islands to Japan or any other power and declined to predict their ultimate destiny. Independence was a question for the future—perhaps for the next generation; it may be that the Filipinos will not wish to stand alone and will prefer real autonomy—"Canadian autonomy"—under American sovereignty. At all events, the present duty of the lawmakers and representatives was, in Mr. Taft's judgment, to avoid academic discussions and futile agitation, and devote themselves to practical legislation, to immediate needs and duties. While the majority of the assembly was nationalist and "anti-American," he hoped that they would display sagacity and conservatism in action and justify the confidence and good will of the

American people, who are criticised by European students of colonial problems for "excessive optimism" and Quixotic idealism in their dealing with "inferior races" and trusting so much to the influences of freedom and responsibility.

The president of the Assembly is Sergio Osmeno, former governor of Cebu and a young man who took no part in the insurrection. There are 81 representatives.

The two houses of the Philippine legislature—the upper one being appointive and composed of the civil commissioners—have elected two delegates to our Congress. They sit in the House, but have no votes. They are resident commissioners, with functions similar to those of the commissioner of Porto Rico. Indeed, the Philippines now enjoy a status in our system that is similar to that of Porto Rico. Before long they will doubtless secure free trade with the United States.



### Has the German Constitution Been Changed

The imperial ministry of Germany is not a "responsible" one in the Anglo-French sense of the phrase "responsible cabinets." That is, its tenure does not depend on parliamentary majorities and votes. It represents the emperor and governs by his leave. But there is reason to think that recent developments have tended to modify the actual status of the German ministry, to transform it into a body responsible to the Reichstag and dependent upon the majority of that popularly elected body. Indeed, it is asserted in political circles that "a peaceful revolution" has taken place in Germany, and that the written constitution of the empire has quietly but profoundly been modified, with the knowledge and sanction of the emperor and the court, in the direction of greater popular control.

What actually happened in the Reichstag seems of no great importance. Members of the national liberal party had attacked the financial proposals of the government and indicated a disposition to oppose some of the measures it

was desirous of passing. And since the government is not on the best of terms with the Center or the Clerical party, and has no stable majority in the Reichstag apart from the liberals, radicals, and progressives of all shades, the loss of national liberal support would make it impossible for it to pass the fiscal, naval, and other measures on its program. Hence, when the imperial chancellor saw himself threatened with the liberal defection, he summoned the leaders of the parties he was depending on and informed them that unless he could command their support and their votes, he would resign his position. He was reassured, a vote of confidence was promptly given him, and the crisis was over.

But never before in the history of the German parliamentary system had a chancellor sought a vote of confidence or admitted his need of and dependence upon a majority of the Reichstag. Years ago Bismarck defiantly told the Reichstag that he could govern without its confidence, by "blood and iron." And the right of the emperor to dissolve parliament at any time and order new elections has been supposed to render the government able to dispense with parliamentary majorities. Last year, in fact, the rejection of a government budgetary proposal was made the occasion of a dissolution and an appeal to the country. And at that time all said that should the government fail to obtain a majority, it would again dissolve the Reichstag and take its chance with the electors—and so on indefinitely.

Instead, however, of threatening a dissolution, the chancellor, on the occasion in question, for the first time, admitted his inability to govern without a majority. And it is generally believed this admission was deliberate and intended to create a precedent for the future. In other words, the emperor is believed to have decided to make the cabinet henceforth morally responsible to the Reichstag and representative of the political opinions of the majority of that body. Whether this is not a highly exaggerated view

of the occurrence, time will tell. It must be borne in mind that a dissolution of the Reichstag at this time could hardly have given the government a stabler and more homogeneous majority, as there has been no change in the general political situation since the last general election, while certain military scandals have rather tended to weaken the position of the ruling classes. The reform promises of the government to the liberals and working masses yet remain to be fulfilled.



### Is Russia Still an Autocracy?

The third parliament of Russia has attracted much less attention than had either of its predecessors. It is not representative in any sense of the people, and little constructive or reform legislation is expected from it. The radical and advanced liberal groups in it are weak and inharmonious, while the center, or moderate party, is inclined to coöperate with the conservatives and reactionaries on its right. Occasionally an independent speech, or a criticism of the ministry or bureaucracy, creates a little excitement, but on the whole the sessions are dull and uninteresting. The government's program is indefinite; it apparently no longer fears "the revolution" and sees no necessity for introducing the great civil and political measures which were to transform Russia into a modern constitutional state. It demands "order first," and makes the sporadic revolutionary acts that continue to occur an excuse for its own inactivity in any progressive sense. The country is still under martial or semi-martial law; arrests and executions and summary trials are still the rule.

It is true that the third douma is not constantly threatened with dissolution, as its predecessors were, but that is due solely to the fact that it has done little or nothing, as a body, to offend or alarm the court and the bureaucracy. The majority is willing to follow the ministry meekly, to

ratify its budget or proposals and its additional loan suggestions, and to leave the legislative initiative to the government.

It is characteristic of the political confusion and reaction in Russia that so absurd a question as the Tzar's autocratic power should have been stormily discussed in the douma and that the rejection of a motion to acknowledge autocracy in an address to the throne should have created a great sensation. In any country having a legislative body and a constitution, as well as a monarch, the latter is regarded as a constitutional ruler as a mere matter of course, for the very nature of autocracy is inconsistent with the idea of an independent legislature. But in Russia the ultra-loyalists and reactionaries have the hardihood to assert that the Tzar gave up nothing in creating the douma, that his will is still the only law of the land, and that he has the right to abolish the douma at any moment and revert to government by bureaucrats. The officials not only share this view, but consider it a crime for any group of men to declare Russia a constitutional country and work openly for the strengthening of the new regime.

The douma, as intimated, rejected the reactionary motion to recognize the alleged autocracy of the Tzar, and it could not have passed it without committing suicide. But, on the other hand, the moderate liberals were not courageous enough to recognize the "constitution" in the address to the throne, and the question was left where it had been for months, the reactionaries insisting that nothing has really changed in Russia, and the advanced liberals holding that it would be an act of counter-revolution, of treason to the people, for the Tzar, to deprive the douma of independent legislative functions or terminate its existence altogether.

The prime minister, strangely enough, took occasion in his first statement to the douma to rebuke the constitutionalists and indorse the claim that the absolutism of the em-

peror was not impaired by the fundamental laws and the grant of representative institutions to the Russian people. In Western Europe such self-stultification is scarcely conceivable, but Russia is a law unto herself, and no incongruity, no paradox, is too wild for her ruling circles.

Russia's reforms are still largely paper reforms. Reaction is supreme again, and the outlook is admittedly cheerless. Thus genuine liberals are pessimistic, though they have not abandoned the hope of saving the *douma* as an institution and of compelling the government and the privileged elements to make grudging concessions to the peasants, workmen, and the educated minority.



### Note and Comment

The Citizens' Union of New York City reprinted the following lines from *Life* in aid of its attempt to secure funds for campaign purposes:

#### THEY.

Why don't they keep the streets a little cleaner?  
 You ask with deep annoyance not undue;  
 Why don't they keep the parks a little greener?  
 (Did you ever stop to think that "they" means you?)  
 How long will they permit this graft and stealing?  
 Why don't they see the courts are clean and true?  
 Why will they wink at crooked public dealing?  
 (Did you ever stop to think that "they" means you?)  
 Why don't they stop this miserable child labor?  
 And wake the S. P. C. A. up a few?  
 (While thus you gently knock your unknown neighbor  
 Did you ever stop to think that "they" means you?)



Immigration to the United States during the year ended June 30, 1907, was vastly greater than in any previous year of the history of the United States, according to the annual report of Frank P. Sargent, commissioner-general of immigration and naturalization:

The total immigration for the year 1907, which was 1,285,349, exceeded that for 1906 by 184,614, and that for the year 1905 by 258,850, or an increase over the year 1906 of more than 17 per cent., and over the year 1905 of more than 25 per cent.

Commissioner Sargent says it is of particular significance that many immigrants landed at ports in the South during the past year. The increase of immigration to the South, the commissioner says,



"is directly connected with the growing desire of the Southern States to draw a number of the better class of immigrants." Striking increases are also shown at New Orleans, Galveston, and Honolulu.

The tide of immigration from some of the countries is indicated by the following figures: Austria-Hungary, 338,452, increase 73,314; Bulgaria, Servia, and Montenegro, 11,359, increase 6,693; France, 9,731, increase 345; German empire, 37,807, increase 243; Greece, 36,580, increase 17,091; Italy, including Sicily and Sardinia, 285,731; increase 12,611; Russian empire and Finland, 258,943; increase 43,278; Turkey, 20,767; increase 11,257; England, 56,637; increase 7,146; Ireland, 34,530; decrease 465; Scotland, 19,740; increase 3,874; China, 961; decrease 583; Japan, 30,226; increase 16,391; British North America, 19,918; increase 14,855; West Indies, 16,689; increase 3,033.

#### JAPANESE IMMIGRATION DOUBLED.

While the exclusion laws have rendered practically nil the immigration from China, the immigration from Japan, though relatively not great, has doubled in the last year. This increase is significant, too, because it comes in the face of regulations adopted by the American government, with the assent of Japan, which it was supposed would curtail the immigration of Japanese to this country very materially.

Commissioner Sargent presents official reports made by inspectors sent to Mexico and Canada to study the situation with special reference of the coming of Japanese to America through those countries. The reports show that thousands of Japanese landed in Mexico during the last year, and ultimately gained admission surreptitiously into this country. While the regulations concerning Japanese immigration have tended to reduce the number of regularly admitted immigrants, thousands of Japanese still are coming into the country by stealth.

Of the immigrants admitted 873,923 had less than \$50 each in their possession, while 107,502 were able to show amounts in excess of that sum. The total amount of money brought into the country by arriving aliens was \$25,599,893, or an average of almost \$20 per person.

The aggregate number of outward-bound passengers, 569,882, was 73,145 larger than in 1906.

Commissioner Sargent strongly urges that advantage be taken of a provision of the new immigration act for calling an international conference on immigration and emigration.

He points out that adequate provision should be made for the issuance of proper passports to persons coming to America. By this means such organizations as the "Black Hand Society" could not gain a foothold.

Among the recommendations made by Commissioner Sargent, many of which are administrative in character, are the following:

That marine hospital surgeons be stationed at the principal points of embarkation abroad to examine aliens before they start for America.

That a treaty be negotiated with Mexico respecting immigration through that country; or, if that cannot be done, that the Mex-

## Highways and Byways

ican border be closed to all aliens except our own citizens and bona fide residents of Mexico.



At the auction sale of the library of the late Matthew A. Stickney of Salem, recently, an engraved view of Harvard College executed on copper by Paul Revere was sold to Harvard University for \$725. The other plates by Paul Revere were also sold at lower prices.



Under instructions from President Roosevelt Dr. Charles A. Eastman, a Sioux Indian, has renamed more than fifteen thousand Sioux with family names, in order to make the inheritance of land more simple and secure.

Where possible he has kept the original Sioux name of some members of a family—as in bestowing the name "Matoska," meaning "White Bear," on the family of that chief. Sometimes the combination of wife's name and husband's has made a musical name as "Winona Otana." The favorite name for woman means "she who has a beautiful home," which Doctor Eastman has anglicized in the patronymic "Goodhouse."

But by far the hardest task is in finding new names for the absurdities of Indian nomenclature. "Bob-Tailed-Coyote" was a young Indian who has come to prefer himself as "Robert T. Wolf." After a long struggle with "Rotten Pumpkin," Doctor Eastman has at last recorded the owner of the name on the tribal records under the noncommittal title of "Robert Pumqian."—*World Today*.



The first Italian Methodist Episcopal Church of Chicago closed the Conference year with a membership of 100 including probationers. The Sunday school has an enrollment of over 250. This church is working in the largest of the Italian colonies in the city of Chicago, the one lying west of the river and between Taylor and Harrison streets, and numbering possibly 25,000 souls. The church is temporarily located at 98 Blue Island avenue. November 1 a building site was secured at the northeast corner of Polk and Sholto streets, a payment of \$3,000 being made and a mortgage of \$3,500 being given. The Italians themselves have given beyond their ability, and will give their labor to wreck the brick barn that now occupies the site when the time for building the church comes. Of necessity the larger part of this first payment has come from American friends of the work. A young Italian architect, Signor Giovanni Boschetti, of the Politecnico Milanese, is giving his services and preparing plans for an artistic Italian church. The Rev. Piero M. Petacci is pastor.



## A Century of Foreign Criticism On The United States---A Study of Progress.\*

### XII. Our Monopoly of Wit

By John Graham Brooks

ONE of our English visitors, after traveling several months in the United States, showed concern because of our lack of humor. When he reached the Mississippi he expressed his delight because he met a new kind of American who "*sometimes understood a joke.*"

"In general, I thought they had less of the frigid, uninviting formality, which characterises the Americans further to the eastward. They were somewhat gruff, indeed, at times; but they seemed to trust themselves and us with more readiness, and *sometimes understood a joke*, which I hardly ever saw exemplified on this side of the Mississippi."\*

I still recall the mental agitation roused by those four words, "*sometimes understood a joke.*" That they fitly applied to other nations, was something I had long taken

\*Travels in North America, Vol. III, p. 355.

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\*Mr. Brooks' series of articles will appear monthly from September to May. The September articles were: I. "The Problem Opened;" II. "Concerning Our Critics." October: III. "Who is the American?" IV. "Our Talent for Bragging." November: V. "Some Other Peculiarities;" V. "American Sensitiveness." December: VII. "The Mother Country as a Critic;" VIII. "Change in the Tone of Foreign Criticism." January: IX. "Higher Criticism;" X. "Other French Visitors;" XI. "Democracy and Manners."

for granted, but here they were fixed upon the funniest people in the world—the Americans. It proved very amusing to put this passage before friends whose patriotic pieties had never been disturbed. I, had lived half a life without once asking why the Americans should have engrossed a possession so precious as the world's wit and humor. Had it come to this, that, of all the world, an English tourist was to lay rough hands on a belief so sanctified? I read the passage to one of the most amusing of our countrymen. He listened to it as if dazed. When it was repeated to him, he said, "Is that his way of being funny?" When it was shown that Captain Hall was not trifling, the American replied, "Well, what would you expect of an Englishman?" This is the American attitude. By some alchemy, nature has endowed us with capacities for humor that makes us lonely among the nations. We have all been brought up on sallies against the English for the leisurely way in which they respond to Yankee wit. Few of us have not heard at least a thousand of those merry tales to illustrate the sluggish ways of the British in "seeing" our jokes. It is, therefore, with unusual emotion that we read of Hall's late discovery,—an American who "sometimes understood a joke."

A German meant to compliment us when he wrote that he noticed an improvement in the appreciation of humor in the United States, as if there were, after all, hope for us in this respect. Edmond de Nevers is struck by "the absence of the sense of the ridiculous." He thinks we owe such prestige as we have to the Irish. Even our pleasantries against the Paddy "are mostly by the descendants of the Irish," though he makes no reference to Mr. Dooley. Dickens wrote of us, "They certainly are not a humorous people," though he admitted that we had "a certain cast-iron quaintness" in which the New England Yankee "takes the lead."\*

\*"American Notes," p. 206.

An American much in Oxford confesses to have told one of his most irresistible stories at a college dinner given by one of the Dons. "When I finished," he said, "there wasn't a laugh around the table. I attributed it to the habitual stolidity of the English in the presence of a good joke. I hinted as much to the man next me, who said, 'Oh, but we have been telling that ever since the Master of Trinity got it off.'" The American added, "That was my first shock. I honestly thought we had a monopoly of humor that nobody even questioned." That is probably still the opinion of most good Americans.\*

Even if true, it is stiffly gainsaid by many of these foreign critics. One of the French writers makes a special study of our funny papers. After spending a good deal of time on the files of *Puck* and *Judge*, he says, "If these are supposed by their readers to be examples of humor, those who read them have that sense only in its most elemental stage of development. How can a really intelligent people think such horseplay—*des grosses plaisanteries*—witty?" Harriet Martineau says we have a kind of drollery that is neither English humor nor French wit, and Captain Marryat, who certainly did not lack humor, says, "There is no country, perhaps, in which the habit of deceiving for amusement, or what is termed hoaxing, is so common. Indeed, this and the hyperbole constitute the major part of the American humor."†

When Miss Martineau speaks of a kind of jesting "in conformity with our institutions," she throws light on this whole dark problem. I once heard a Greek scholar read

\*This is like the angered surprise of an Englishman as he read the advice in an American paper, that a party just off for England should keep with their own countrymen and "so avoid the horrid English intonation." To suggest that the English people had either accent or intonation seemed to him an indignity.

An American in Austria has a kindred emotion in reading in a restaurant a placard on which was written, "English spoken and American understood."

†"A Diary in America," Vol. I, p. 8.

from a collection of Greek jokes. To the hearers, nine out of ten of these ancient humors were of such exceeding solemnity that all were puzzled to know why they should be classed among things called funny. But in the audience not six of us knew enough of Greek institutions and life to get the local color and contrasts that created the humorous element. An American, caring enough for the English *Punch* to subscribe for it, told me, "We have no wittier sheet, but the regular succession of horse and racing jokes bores me." He added, "I neither know anything nor care anything about horses," which gives us all the explanation we need. This is offset by a German who thought our *Life* the very limit of dullness, until he had lived a year in this country: "When I understood something of the inner life of the nation, its politics, industry and leading social events, I discovered why I could not at first appreciate the wit."

That hurrying travelers in foreign countries should not keep in mind a fact so elementary as this, has a grim humor of its own. A college instructor in the East, returning from his first summer tour on the continent, gravely said that among other impressions he was struck by the absence of humor abroad. This penetrating voyager had a slight Ollendorff capacity to make sentences in two or three languages. With the subtle and pliant idiom of these tongues, he had not even a nodding acquaintance. Of the current political and social happenings among these peoples, he also knew little. Yet it was his apparent expectation to be admitted forthwith among those intimacies of light and shade in national experience, that alone can give the key to wit and humor. The "Souvenirs à la Main" in the Paris *Figaro* are not explosively entertaining to one who knows nothing of what happens from day to day in the French capital. •

We need not, therefore, be utterly cast down by the chilling tone of these foreigners about our own limitations. They do embarrass us about one proud and confident claim, namely, that we possess in some supreme and exclusive de-

gree the gift of being funny. That we have varieties of wit and humor peculiar to our traditions, is very generally admitted. Here, for example, is an attempt at a definition of English as against Yankee humor:

"And we must avow that in our opinion the Yankee humor has not the ruddy health, the abounding animal spirits, the glow and glory of healthful and hearty life of our greatest English. As the Yankee has a leaner look, a thinner humanity, than the typical Englishman who gives such a fleshy and burly embodiment to his love of beef and beer, so the humour is less plump and rubicund. It does not revel in the same richness nor enjoy its wealth in the same happy unconscious way, nor attain to the like fulness and play of power. We cannot imagine Yankee humour, with its dry drollery, its shrewd *keeking*, *shut-eyed* way of looking at things, ever embodying such a mountain of mirth as we have in Falstaff."

A visitor professes to have cut the next example from an Ohio paper. He says our bragging habits have produced a humor of "rare and special flavor." He assumes that the writer is making merry at the expense of some boasting rival editor:

"This is a glorious country! It has longer rivers and more of them, and they are muddier and deeper, and run faster and rise higher, and make more noise, and fall lower, and do more damage than anybody else's rivers. It has more lakes, and they are bigger and deeper, and clearer and wetter than those of any other country. Our rail-cars are bigger, and run faster, and pitch off the track oftener, and kill more people than all other rail-cars in this and every other country. Our steamboats carry bigger loads, are longer and broader, burst their boilers oftener, and send up their passengers higher, and the captains swear harder than steamboat captains in any other country. Our men are bigger and longer and thicker; can fight harder and faster, drink more mean whiskey, chew more bad tobacco, and spit more, and spit further than in any other country. Our ladies are richer, prettier, dress finer, spend more money, break more hearts, wear bigger hoops, shorter dresses, and kick up the devil generally to a greater extent than all other ladies in all other countries. Our children squall louder, grow faster, get too expansive for their pantaloons, and become twenty years old sooner by some months than any other children of any other country on the earth."

Earlier in the century the Yankee trader is thought



to have developed a form of humor of which this is given as an example:

"Reckon I couldn't drive a trade with you today, Square," said a genuine specimen of the Yankee pedler as he stood at the door of a merchant in St. Louis.

"I reckon you calculate about right, for you *can't* nowadays."

"Wall, guess you needn't git huffy, 'bout it. Now, here's a dozen ginooine razor-strops—wuth two dollars and a half—you may hev 'em for two dollars."

"I tell you I don't want any of your traps, so you may as well be going along."

"Wall, now, look here, Square. I'll bet you five dollars that if you make me an offer for them 'ere strops, we'll have a trade yet."

"Done," said the merchant, and he staked the money. "Now," says he chaffingly, "I'll give you *sixpence* for the strops."

"They're your'n!" said the Yankee, as he quietly pocketed the stakes! "but," continued he, after a little reflection, and with a burst of frankness, "I calculate a joke's a joke; and if you don't *want* them strops I'll trade back." The merchant looked brighter. "You're not so bad a chap after all," said he. "Here are your strops—give me the money." "There it is," said the Yankee, as he took the strops and handed back *the sixpence*. "A trade is a trade, and a bet a bet. Next time you trade with that 'ere sixpence, don't you buy razor-strops."

It is, however, often granted that this endowment is more widely diffused among our people than in England. Further than this, most of the critics do not go. That we have any monopoly of what is essential to the soul of wit and humor is rather cavalierly denied. An American essayist, the charm and delicacy of whose humor has such growing recognition, has recently returned from six months in England where he was in much popular demand as a lecturer.\* He tells me that the response of an English audience to humor seems to him on the whole quicker than that of an American audience. This is probably also a tribute to the quality of the lecturer's humor.

Our prolific pleasantries to prove the poverty of the English capacity to "catch on" are really very amazing. Not

\*Dr. Samuel M. Crothers, author of "The Gentle Reader," "The Pardoner's Wallet," etc.

to mention Shakespeare and the wits of his age, what is to be said of Sidney Smith, Charles Lamb, Jerrold, Monckton, Milnes, Thackeray, Dickens, Tom Taylor, and many others? We have not alone to think of these individuals, but to think also that England furnished the audience to appreciate them, which is even more to the purpose. Let the American set down his most patriotic list and balance them against the English wits. Can we outmatch Sidney Smith, Charles Lamb, or Dickens by any three of our most glittering names? Any summing up of the subtleties of French wit would embarrass us at least as much. I select England especially, because it has long amused us to banter her for her general density in these matters.

There is much agreement among our critics that the quality of American humor suffers chiefly from exaggeration; that the elements of contrast and surprise are put to great strain; that too little appeal is made to the imagination. William Archer gives us an illustration: A Chicago man traveling in Louisiana wrote to his sweetheart: "Dear Mamie,—I have shot an alligator. When I have shot another, I will send you a pair of slippers."\*

Again. A tired traveler arrives at a country hotel and calls for a boot-jack to remove his boots. The proprietor noticing the size of his guest's feet says, "You come by the Croyden road, didn't ye?" "Yes." "Wall, you noticed that one road forked off toward Westbridge. I'm tellin' you this, because no boot-jack made by the hand of man will git them boots off. You've got to go back to the fork in them roads."

The French find most fault with this extravagance, especially as seen upon the stage. If they find it on the ranch or in a Western paper, the setting appears to them perfect. One boasts that he has discovered the essence of American fun in this exaggeration coupled with our inveterate good nature. "They show a droll solicitude not to injure anyone's feelings, even though he be an arrant scamp." This

\*"America Today," p. 99.

Frenchman, staying in a small California hotel, is tricked out of a sum of money by a sharper who lived on friendly terms with everybody in the town. The victim rushes to the landlord. "But this fellow is what you call a crook. Is it not so? Is he not a thief, a thief?" The landlord, quite undisturbed, replies, "Wall, that's a purty strong word you're usin'. I shouldn't like to call him a thief, though after I shake hands with him, I do generally count my fingers."\*

Another variation attributed to us is a tendency to make one's self out very vicious in order to heighten the effect. A newly arrived English prelate with much clerical excess in his appearance, boards a trolley car in New York. He is on the alert for information. Seeing what he supposes to be a vigorous working class specimen, he sits down by him with the question, "I hear you have been having very interesting political events here in New York during the last week or two." The gentleman from the Bowery turned to take a leisurely but rather consuming look at his questioner, "I don't know," was the answer, "I've been drunk the last fortnight." And the conversation closed.

Another variety is left without definition, but this French inquisitor thinks, I know not why, that it could have happened nowhere out of America. A Western paper notices the death of "our old friend and neighbor Lyman Rogers." Sympathy is expressed for the bereaved wife, followed by a tribute to the dead, and closing with the

\*This guest reports an instance in still milder form. "But did you ever see a stingier old skinflint?" To which is replied, "I don't know's he's stingy exactly, but he does keep his benevolent impulses pretty well under control."

A very recent traveler, whose chief interest was the study of Christian Science, hears of some one who has abandoned his connection with this faith. The investigator eagerly seeks to know the reasons for the man's apostasy. "But why," he asks, "having enjoyed such an experience, did you give up?" "Well, to tell you the truth," was the reply, "I just got tired out being so d—d happy all the time." This was at once classed as American humor, and would be very pointless in any community which knew nothing of what is at least popularly attributed to this faith.

words, "He has gone to a better home." Whereupon the newly made widow brings instant action for libel against the editor.

One reviewer writes that the most peculiar form of American humor is the "high falutin." The following which he thinks is by Webster "is the best of its kind:"

"Men of Rochester, I am glad to see you; and I am glad to see your noble city. Gentlemen, I saw your falls, which I am told are one hundred and fifty feet high. This is a very interesting fact. Gentlemen, Rome had her Cæsar, her Scipio, her Brutus, but Rome in her proudest days had *never* a waterfall a hundred and fifty feet high! Gentlemen, Greece had her Pericles, her Demosthenes, and her Socrates, but Greece in her palmiest days *NEVER* had a waterfall a hundred and fifty feet high! Men of Rochester, *go on*. No people ever lost their liberties who had a waterfall one hundred and fifty feet high!"

From frontier life an Englishman quotes this as "impossible in any other country." An elderly lady from the East, with a passion for botanical studies, goes into the cowboy's country, builds a small house, and begins her work of collecting specimens. Absorbed one day at her work far out on the prairie, she sees a cowboy riding toward her as for life. When within call, he cries out, "Your house is on fire!" What the botanic lady expected in way of news is unreported, but she said to the cowboy, "Oh, is that all?" Whereupon the amazed ranchman exclaimed, "Well, God bless my soul, Madam, that's all I think of at the present moment, but I'll look round the country and see if I can find something to interest you," and rides away.

Another visitor is told by a Southern teacher, the late Dr. McIver, that our traveling salesmen—drummers—are the reservoirs of what is most peculiar in American wit. Dr. McIver added that the drummers, immediately after the Civil War, were the first real peace-makers. They went in large numbers through the Southland seeking trade. There was the never failing resource of a batch of good stories. "During these first bitter years," said the Doctor, "when the clergy, editors and politicians were fighting each other across

the line, the drummer was the real brother and neighbor, and it convinces me that the Good Samaritan was himself a drummer. You remember that the church folk came upon the poor fellow and the first said, 'This is too bad, but I have an appointment in Jericho, so I will ask some one from the Christian Association to look out for him.' The next man—probably a deacon—has to meet his wife in Jericho at five o'clock, and thinks he will telephone to the Associated Charities to take up the case. Finally comes the drummer, who is touched by compassion. He takes the poor fellow in hand, according to scripture. The internal evidence that he was a drummer is complete. He knew where the best hotel was; he was coming that way again, and he had liquor by him."

From the press an Englishman cuts out the two following as "very characteristic:" "Wanted, a servant girl that isn't above living on an equality with the family." Seeing a large number of hacks in a funeral, the traveler asks a man on the street, if some important citizen has died. "No, not very; and you know, Stranger, you can't always tell just what estimate the Almighty puts on a departed soul, by the number of hacks."

Another selects as "peculiarly American" the following from Josh Billings:

"The mule is half horse and half jackass, and then comes to a full stop, Nature discovering her mistake. The only way to keep a mule in a pasture is to turn it into a meadow adjoining, and *let it jump out*. They are like some men, very corrupt at heart. I've known them to *be good mules for six months, just to get a good chance to kick somebody*."

"Some people are fond of bragging about their ancestors, and their great descent, when in fact *their great descent* is just what is the matter with them."

"God save the fools, and don't let them run out! for if it wasn't for them, wise men couldn't get a living."

"It is true that wealth won't make a man virtuous, but I notice there ain't anybody who wants to be poor just for the purpose of being good."

It is drolleries like these that attract attention, especially



The encounter does not seem, at present, exactly a happy one for poor Cuba.

From *Kladderadatsch* (Berlin) preceding the Spanish-American War.



The Anglo-Yankee Alliance. Spain to France: "Hit Johnny Bull as hard as you can, and I'll take care of the pig."

Cartoon from *Barcelona Comica* (Barcelona) during early days of the Spanish-American War.

from the English. A Frenchman confesses that he "spent days trying, without success, to see why Mr. Dooley should be given such high rank." All readers of "Tartarin" know that Alphonse Daudet did not lack humor, yet he is said to have done his best to laugh over the pages of Mark Twain but always in vain.

One critic cuts from a Pittsburg paper an account of a suicide who left ample justification for taking his life in the following culmination of misfortunes:

"I married a widow who had a grown-up daughter. My father visited our house very often, fell in love with my step-daughter and married her. So my father became my son-in-law, and my step-daughter my mother, because she was my father's wife. Some time afterwards my wife had a son—he was my father's brother-in-law and my uncle, for he was the brother of my step-mother. My father's wife, i. e., my step-daughter, had also a son; he was, of course my brother, and in the meantime my grandchild, for he was the son of my daughter. My wife was my grandmother, because





"Blood thicker than Water"

The present friendly understanding happily existing between Great Britain and the United States becomes popular on both sides the Atlantic.

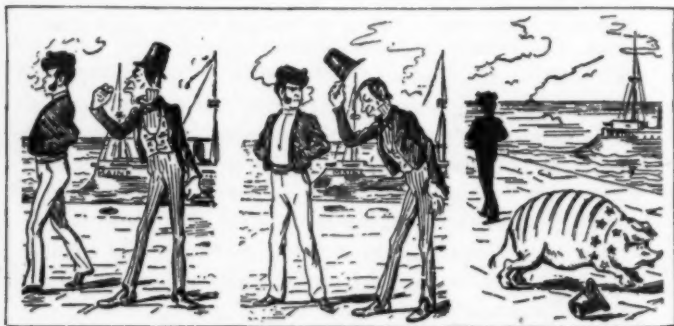
From *Punch* (London) preceding Spanish-American War.

she was my mother's mother. I was my wife's husband and grandchild at the same time. And as the husband of a person's grandmother is his grandfather, I was my own grandfather."

If there are shades of difference in American humor, Miss Martineau's suggestion is right, that the differences are largely traceable to whatever is peculiar in our institutions and national experience. This is the commonplace with which we began, but which very few travelers among foreign peoples appear to realize in their attempts to standardize wit.\* I have heard several Americans, still cutting their teeth upon the language, insist that the German funny paper, *Fliegende Blaetter*, was very heavy and not in the least to be compared with some humorous American sheet. But how could a callow provincialism like this justify itself?

\*I have heard very snifty comments by an outsider on the merry works of Wilhelm Busch, author of *Hans Huckbein*, *Max and Moritz*, etc. It could not be compared to the "high quality" of the Frenchman Caran d'Ache, for example. But to "democratize laughter:" to add to the jollity of an entire nation decade after decade is a fact behind which we cannot go.

If there is anywhere in the world a detached and cosmopolitan genius competent to act as umpire, it is conceivable that he would declare *Life* funnier than *Fliegende Blaetter* or *vice versa*—but it is not conceivable that outsiders, such as these American students still were, should have any opinion of the slightest value on that subject. To know whether the German sheet is witty or otherwise requires an intimacy of touch with delicate phases of life and thought that only years can give. I listened to a play in Paris, which at two points brought out from the audience a tumult of merriment. I had carefully read the play and perfectly understood the laughter-provoking sentences, but it was several days before I could fall in with the gaiety. I found the explanation at last in the grotesque awkwardness in which a pompous local mayor had entangled himself. I stood quite as much in need of a surgical operation to admit the joke as Sidney Smith's Scotchman. But that need is common to all the world until it is admitted into this inner and familiar

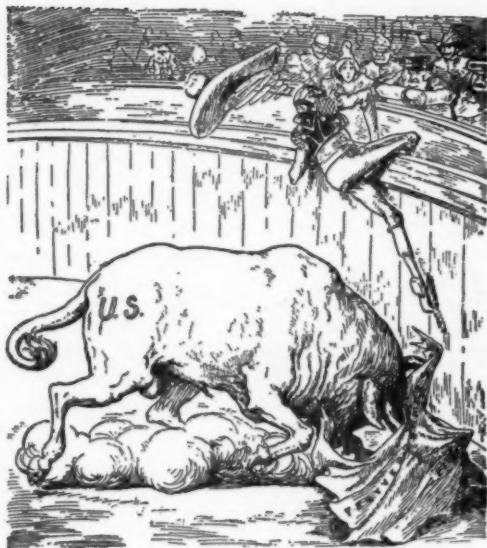


Uncle Sam: "Now that he turns his shoulder I'll give him such a lick it will be the lick of the century."

"Eh?"

"Oh, hello! I have the pleasure to salute you, Señor."

The moral of the foregoing is given in the old Catalonian proverb, "*Que amenessa y no pega per bestia queda* (He who makes a bluff and does not make it good is a dirty slob).



The poltroon Spaniard and the American Bull.

From the *Borsnem Yankó* (Budapest, Hungary) preceding the Spanish-American War.

life of a people. Not only have the general currents of national experience to be known, but also the more hidden currents of tradition, custom and prejudice as these express themselves in the emotions of the hour. It was only after several years of continuous life in France that Hamerton could get the full humor of a provincial theater.

If we are content with modest tributes, they do not fail. I asked an English author of one of the really good books upon the United States\* how he would state the difference between the English and American appreciation of humor. This gentleman has lived long in this country and his book shows an admirable competence to judge. He said, "I think the difference is a real one, that the people

\*"The Land of Contrasts."

of this country have a more generally diffused sense of humor than in England." Professor Münsterberg gives his judgment as follows. He has also been here long enough to give weight to his words. He characterizes the quality as "whimsical," but adds that it is a great social equalizer.

"There is only one more sovereign power than the spirit of sport in breaking down all social distinctions; it is American humor. We could not speak of political or intellectual life without emphasizing this irrepressible humor; but we must not forget it for a moment in speaking of social life, for its influence pervades every social situation. The only question is whether it is the humor which overcomes every disturbance of social equilibrium and so restores the consciousness of free and equal self-assertion, or whether it is this consciousness which fosters humor and seeks expression in a good-natured lack of respect. No immoderation, no improper presumption, and no pomposity can survive the first humorous comment, and the American does not wait long for this. The soap-bubble is pricked amid genial laughter, and equality is restored. Whether it is in a small matter or whether in a question of national importance, a latent humor pervades all social life.

"A happy humorous turn will remind them all that they are equal fellow-citizens, and that they are not to take their different functions in life too solemnly, nor to suppose that their varied outward circumstances introduce any real inequality. As soon as Americans hear a good story, they come at once to an understanding, and it is well known that many political personalities have succeeded because of their wit, even if its quantity was more than its quality."\*

Mr. Bryce's experience has so much in common with our own, that we listen to him on this delicate point without pique.

"There is a difference, slight yet perceptible, in the part which both sentiment and humor play in American books, when we compare them with English books of equivalent strength. The humor has a vein of oddity, and the contrast between the soft copiousness of the sentiment and the rigid lines of lingering Puritanism which it suffuses, is rarely met with in England. Perhaps there is less repose in the American style; there is certainly a curious unrestfulness in the effort, less common in English writers, to bend metaphors to unwonted uses."†

\*"The Americans," pp. 543-4.

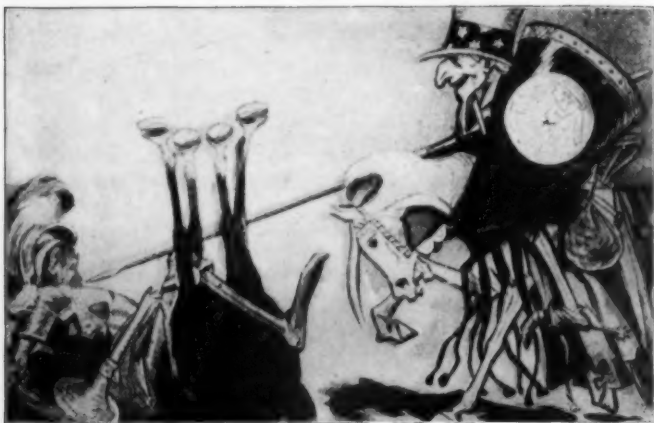
†"The American Commonwealth," Vol. II, p. 618.



"Pigs! Cheap Today"  
Cartoon from *Don Quixote* (Madrid) before  
the Spanish-American War.



Instead of *Invi* (Honor) He (Sagasta) substitutes *Paz* (Peace).  
Cartoon from *Don Quixote* (Madrid) at the conclusion of the Spanish-American War.



The End is at Hand (See last chapter of "Don Quixote").  
Cartoon from *Kladderadatsch* (Berlin) near the conclusion  
of the Spanish-American War.

"Humor is a sweetener of temper, a copious spring of charity, for it makes the good side of bad things even more visible than the weak side of good things: but humor in Americans may be as much a result of an easy and kindly turn as their kindliness is of their humor."<sup>†</sup>

This partial analysis which our critics help us to make does not deprive us of a single jocose talent. It is not that we are lacking, but rather that others are more richly endowed than we were aware. It looks as if we had preened ourselves upon a far too exclusive possession of the "rare sweetener of life's severities." To know that our foreign neighbors have this solace, even as we have it, ought to be good news to us. To be cocksure that we are the funniest among nations would too surely bring upon us from impartial outsiders that most damning criticism, "lack of humor" on our own part.

<sup>†</sup>*Ibid*, p. 666.

### XIII. Our Greatest Critic

**I**N the Introduction to "The American Commonwealth" Mr. Bryce says, "When I first visited America eighteen years ago, I brought home a swarm of bold generalizations. Half of them were thrown overboard after a second visit in 1881. Of the half that remained, some were dropped into the Atlantic when I returned across it after a third visit in 1883-84: and although the two later journeys gave birth to some new views, these views are fewer and more discreetly cautious than their departed sisters of 1870.\*"

If this openness and flexibility of mind are indispensable to the critic's judgment, another qualification already noted is not less so. It is an unforced human sympathy

\*Vol. I, p. 4.



The Spanish Don Quixote and the Portuguese Sancho.  
From the *Bolond Istók* (Budapest, Hungary) preceding the  
Spanish-American War.



Uncle Sam Plays the Flute in these new piping Times of Peace, while his sheep enjoy the fresh Pastures He has gained.

Cartoon from *Kladderadatsch* (Berlin) satirizing American conquests of Spanish-American War.

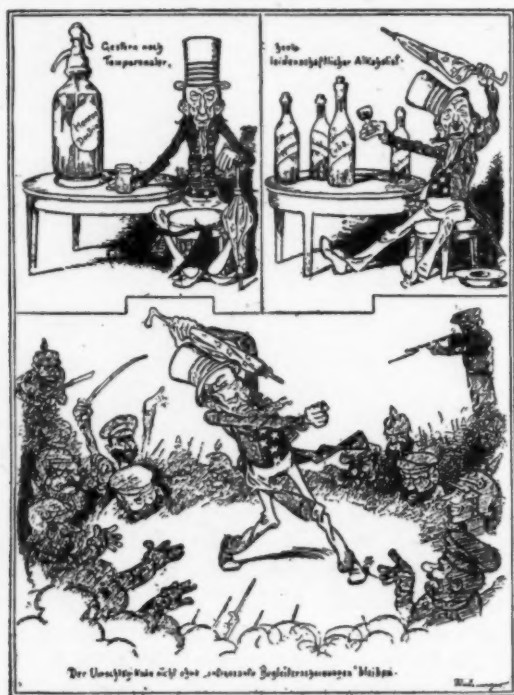
with one's fellowmen. I heard a snobbish American ask Phillips Brooks in Europe how he managed to avoid the crowd of his fellow countrymen. The great preacher's answer had in it an edge of rebuke and severity which the printed reply does not convey. "I do not try to avoid them, because I like them." "Because I like them!" There are not many critics who can say that without telling lies. Some subtle and clever books in my list are rich in entertainment, but one closes them with the feeling that the writers do not like their kind; that they rather fear and dislike too close contact with them.

This feeling of good will towards one's kind may be in-



stantly detected in every first-rate foreign observer. It is in Sir Charles Lyell, it is in Chevalier, it is in de Tocqueville, it is in James Bryce. There is a largeness about these men which enables them to deal with human nature in another country, at least as generously as they would deal with it in their own. If they note differences in habits, customs, and behavior, they are not merely pestered by them, but rather interested to account for and explain them. Lyell finds himself in a small town of the Middle West at a time when it was literally frontier. He is annoyed by curious and persistent questions,—but he does not pillory the whole town, like Mrs. Tlollope, as intolerable nuisances. He does not, like the author of "Cyril Thornton," look upon the annoyance merely as impertinence. As a man of science, even a prying inquisitiveness interests him. It is a pity that its exercise must be quite so personally directed to his clothes and glass, but the narrowness and monotony of their lives explain this. Curiosity is excellent intellectual material. When the community has more varied interests, this eagerness to know things will have its higher and more impersonal expression. To philosophize about one's kind in so kindly a temper as this, in the very midst of discomforts and awkward intrusions, is given to no man who does not like his fellows. One could quote many passages from "The American Commonwealth" to show this spirit of cosmopolitan good fellowship with which the author enters into broad human relations with Americans. In his chapter on "The Pleasantness of American Life," he says:

"This naturalness of intercourse is a distinct addition to the pleasure of social life. It enlarges the circle of possible friendship by removing the *gêne* which in most parts of Europe persons of different ranks feel in exchanging their thoughts on any matters save those of business. It raises the humbler classes without lowering the upper; indeed, it improves the upper no less than the lower by expunging that latent insolence which deforms the manners of so many of the European rich or great. It relieves women in particular, who in Europe are especially apt to think of class distinctions, from that sense of constraint and uneasiness which



Cartoon from *Kladderadatsch* (Berlin) at conclusion of Spanish-American War, showing Uncle Sam, intoxicated by Victory, Defying the Powers.

is produced by the knowledge that other women with whom they come in contact are either looking down on them, or at any rate trying to gauge and determine their social position. It expands the range of a man's sympathies, and makes it easier for him to enter into the sentiments of other classes than his own."\*

Here is none of the arch snobbery that preens itself on the exclusiveness of one's friendships. That is good which enlarges the circle. "Equality improves manners, for it strengthens the basis of all good manners, respect for other

\*Vol. II, p. 663.

men and women *simply as men and women irrespective of their station in life.*" This is the inclusive kindliness which makes democracy possible. There is neither vamping nor cant when he approves the social condition in which the shoemaker and the factory hand address you as an equal.

In the first few days Mr. Bryce confesses to the unpleasantness he felt at the brusque and careless disregard with which some officials treated his inquiries. He soon saw that this was without intended offense and it ceased to vex or even disquiet him.

The smaller critic does not forgive a wounded personal vanity. The defense of his own fussy dignity becomes at once his main concern. One of these in a western town asks a man, "who looked as if he needed a shilling," to take his valise to the hotel. The needy individual turned upon him with the question, "Stranger, does that



Cartoon from *Kladderadatsch* (Berlin) upon the Position of the United States in the twentieth century. England, as Butler, waits upon Uncle Sam, who is about to devour the world. The European "Concert" furnishes music.

pack require two folks to carry it?" "No, one person can carry it." "Well, then, I guess you'll take it yourself." The victim of this retort was incensed beyond measure; "I even put myself out a little," he says, "to do him a good turn, only to meet this brutal rebuff." Mr. Bryce would have paid money to get such a reply. He would even have stayed over a train to make the man's acquaintance. It is, however, certain that Mr. Bryce's tone and manner would never have called forth the rebuff.

I have known an American scholar to travel some weeks in Germany in a chronic state of disgust at the brusqueness of the lesser German officials. He returned for a longer stay in that country to learn, in his own words, that "I had lost half the pleasure of that first trip by being a plain—fool. I finally learned why those officials take themselves and their work a good deal more seriously than we do in our country, and I also learned that behind the manner, there is an admirable conscientiousness and willingness to take great trouble to help you out of difficulties."

It is the distinction of the first-rate critic to *assume* this good will at the start. He assumes it and acts upon it without waiting for the proofs.

In the middle of the last century a German by the name of Platenius thus comments on the American habit of sitting with the feet elevated on railings and tables. "I have not yet found the cause of this very common practice, but I am confident it is explained and justified by some physiological reason like that of imperfect digestion or circulation." This diagnosis may be at fault, but the temper is that of the perfect traveler. Mr. Bryce has this temper; he has the human good will; he has done his work of investigation with unmatched thoroughness. From life-long study and travel his grasp of "world politics" long since put him easily in the first rank of publicists. He had traveled widely enough and intelligently enough to apply the comparative method in making up a human document. If he is discuss-

ing American manners or morals, his judgment means something because he has watched manners and morals in many countries. If he deals with our asserted passion for dollars, he has had experience enough among many people to apply some intelligent test to the criticism. It is this large mastery of contemporary political and social experience which makes Mr. Bryce, not only superior to de Tocqueville, but clearly our greatest critic.

It is not only that the author of "The American Commonwealth" paid many visits to this country. It is also because here and in England he kept in the closest intellectual touch with those Americans who were competent and glad to assist him. His inquiries were so definite and so penetrating; they so touched the "livewire" issues of the time, that it was an honor and intellectual pleasure to get information for him. One of his American friends and helpers said, "We never get such good talk about our own home problems as when Mr. Bryce is present to ask questions." This gentlemanly temper, this sympathy and searching observation are not absent in a single critic who ranks with Lyell, de Tocqueville, Chevalier, and Bryce.

This is not a ranking of critics according to their good opinion of this country. The weakest and untruest things about us are often the hasty and indiscriminate praises. Lyell, Chevalier, de Tocqueville, have admonitions enough but they so stand out on a background of proper information and human good will that only the pettiest provincialism will take offence. No man has given more final tests of sincerity in his democratic sympathies than Mr. Bryce. His attitude toward Irish Home Rule and even more the moral bravery he showed during the Boer War (whatever the merits of that struggle may have been) are even better proofs than passages like this: "When the humbler classes have differed in opinion from the higher, they have often proved by the event to have been right and their so-called betters wrong." But to this inborn spirit of democratic

good fellowship and breeding, must be added a training for his task that few men living or dead have received. We have to think of "The American Commonwealth" not as a study finished in 1887, but, through its revisions and later letters, as the sustained and coherent judgment of more than thirty years. He is not in the least a mere bookworm. His academic distinction was eminent, but as a globe trotter he was as intelligently the student as in writing the Holy Roman Empire. It was these large studies, together with his knowledge of comparative politics and his arduous labor as a practical politician, that have given him a supreme fitness to report upon the political structure and social spirit of this country.

Not the least among the services of this monumental work is, that hundreds of Europeans read it as a preparation for their coming to this country. I once heard from a foreign scholar this admirable word: "To read Bryce before you leave home and then, with your own notes and memories, to read it again when you return, is the surest way to know America and to know it at its best." I have also heard one of our own scholars say that "he knew no single study that so effectively helped an American to know his own country as he ought to know it, as 'The American Commonwealth.'"\*

As one looks back upon the universal touchiness to foreign comment, it is the more surprising that scarcely a protest has been raised against Bryce's strictures. In spite of the uniform cordiality and appreciation, there is a good deal of plain speaking that would have aroused resentment even a generation before the work appeared. One angry verbal protest I do remember: that "Bryce must have been blind in *at least* one eye to say that 'neither the Rocky Mountains, with their dependent ranges, nor the Sierra Nevada, can be compared with variety of grandeur and

\*It is perhaps a trivial warning, but I have found that the average person is more likely to read both volumes if he begins with Part IV of the second volume.

beauty with the Alps.'” Goldwin Smith says this more strongly still and it is probably true. But Bryce refers also to our cities: “their monotony haunts one like a nightmare.” He makes a few exceptions, but says:\*

“In all, the same shops, arranged on the same plan, the same Chinese laundries, with Li Kow visible through the window, the same ice-cream stores, the same large hotels with seedy men hovering about in the dreary entrance-hall, the same street cars passing to and fro, with passengers clinging to the door-step.”

“Travel where you will, you feel that what you have found in one place, that you will find in another. The thing which hath been, will be: you can no more escape from it than you can quit the land to live in the sea.”†

Nor is this “monotony” an affair alone of externals. It appears in our mental habits, where it may be merely tiresome, or dangerous if it express itself in our political thinking. Like de Tocqueville, Bryce fears our lack of independence in politics; that there are “so few independent schools of opinion.” “The structure of the party discipline leaves little freedom of individual thought or action to the member of the legislature.” It is our “weak point” that free and unbiased political opinion finds such difficulty in “bringing itself to bear upon those who govern either as legislators or executive officers.”‡ Outside the line of party interests, there may be the bravest shoutings and display of intellectual courage, as if to call off the attention from vital issues. So vigorous a party Republican as Congressman Littlefield of Maine has just told us in plain words, “If there is anything more cowardly than one Congressman, it is two Congressmen:”

“It is a humiliating fact that the House of Representatives is the most cowardly political body in the United States. It is not even equal to the ordinary State Legislature. The ordinary congressman, when he is elected gets the notion that there is a career before him. It is almost impossible to get any member of

\*“The American Commonwealth,” Vol. II, p. 670.

†“The American Commonwealth,” Vol. II, p. 674.

‡Ibid, p. 288.

Congress to vote against any proposition that seems to imperil his chances of return."\*

This is what Mr. Bryce points out. We have seen the same criticism in de Tocqueville. We shall see it later in other form in Münsterberg and more powerfully still in Ostrogorski.

Mr. Bryce also speaks of the "commonness of mind and tone, a want of dignity and elevation in and about the conduct of public affairs, an insensibility to the nobler aspects and finer responsibilities of national life." This is also true; but that so great a multitude of American readers should accept these and other strictures while showering praises on the author's head, is a new and extremely hopeful fact.

In the half century which separates de Tocqueville from Bryce, no one had attempted to cope with the whole theory and practice of our political life, as well as to enter minutely into questions of manners, habits, and ideas. Mr. Bryce does this in his first edition of 1888, more completely in the third edition and in the letters published in 1905, in which he reviews the changes observable in the United States between his first visit in 1870 and that of 1905. No one of our critics has given any such extensive and intensive study of political structure in this country. No one has entered more intimately into the whole spiritual life of the nation. That the net judgment of this profound study should be (I cannot help using the word) so *doggedly* hopeful; that it should be informed by a certain gaiety of good cheer and confidence that all is to turn out well with us in the United States, has of course much to do with the supreme rank accorded to Mr. Bryce's books. The serenity of the author's optimism falls in with that most persistent trait of the American character, hopefulness. Scarcely a critic fails to note this insistent American characteristic. Mr. Bryce not only gives voice to this, but he adduces an

\*Reported from address before the Providence, R. I., Commercial Club, April 23, 1907.



ordered host of reasons which he believes justifies our optimism. In the Introduction he writes of the doubters who fail "to realize the existence in the American people of a reserve of force and patriotism more than sufficient to sweep away all the evils which are now tolerated, and to make the politics of the country worthy of its material grandeur and of the private virtues of its inhabitants. America excites an admiration which must be felt on the spot to be understood. The hopefulness of her people communicates itself to one who moves among them, and makes him perceive that the graver faults of politics may be far less dangerous there than they would be in Europe. A hundred times in writing this book have I been disheartened by the facts I was stating: a hundred times has the recollection of the abounding strength and vitality of the nation chased away these tremors."\*

I was once asked by an English friend much in this country if there were any way in which this obstinate residuum of American optimism could be explained.

"You have men who make a bluff at pessimism. They talk fiercely against all sorts of things in their own country, but they always surprise you finally by adding 'Still it's all coming out right in the end.' Nothing impresses me in the United States more than this characteristic. But I do not understand it, nor does Mr. Bryce satisfy me. If your politics are as bad as he implies and as most of you say they are; if so much of your business is polluted, as your best witnesses insist, why does every discussion among you have the same refrain, 'Yes, it's bad, but it's sure to turn out all right in the end?'"

This seems to me to touch the one critical weakness in Mr. Bryce's volumes. Again and again he brings the reader to a yawning gulf of perplexities. We are allowed to take one frightened glimpse into the depths, only to be hurried instantly back onto high safe ground. Nothing is more momentous in the national life than the character and influence of large cities. Yet our political method appears to have failed in managing these moulding centers in our

\*"The American Commonwealth," Vol. I, p. 10.

common life. The main ground of Mr. Bryce's optimism about us is our inveterate, underlying hopefulness.

From a good many wise people, I have tried to get some answer to this question, Does the *evidence* in Mr. Bryce's books justify his optimism.\*

One is quick to note that the answers take the form of religious faith, rather than of a reasoned conviction that appeals to definite proofs. One of our first-rate scholars of American politics tells me, "It is very discouraging that Pennsylvania, after the moral rousing of last year, should apparently sink back helpless under the same contemptible party tyranny. But," he hastens to add, "I am sure it will all come out right." Yes, most of us *believe* that, but do the volumes of Mr. Bryce contain the evidences of these things not seen?

Thirty-five years after his first coming, Mr. Bryce reviewed the most important changes observable in the United States since 1870. His summary is the more remarkable because he had seen much of the "Shame of Cities" as it had been reported by men like Lincoln Steffens and Ray Stannard Baker. Most of this relentless inquisition into our political and business life was as truthfully as it was ably done. In spite of the direct personal character of the evidence, no important part of it has been in the least shaken by those under fire. Everywhere one heard angry and scornful denial in private. I heard a United States Senator say, "It's sewer-water,—mere sewer-water, not fit for a human being to touch." But if it is false, why not answer it, that the people may have some authentic statement? "Well," was the reply, "there is, of course, a lot of unpleasant fact so mixed up with these charges as to make it very difficult to reply." Yes, "such a lot of unpleasant facts" which no one dared to face in open public discussion. They were facts which did this service: they laid bare the whole

\*In the final chapters on Progress, an attempt is made to add evidence on this point from authentic changes which our critics enable us to see and measure through the century.

organized intimacy between privileged business and politics. We had all been taught that our political corruption was in some dark way peculiar to large cities. Investigation during the last seven or eight years has destroyed that illusion. The large city merely gave concentrated and dramatic expression to evils that inhere in large business activities that depend on legislative favors.\*

Public service corporations with affiliated businesses like mines and other primary natural resources have set the pace in this subjection of the politician to private rather than public interests. That these powers should have become in recent years so centered in speculative markets; that business distinction should be now largely tested by capacity to manipulate securities; that the most precious wealth-resources should be like the stake in a gambler's game, are dangers that only selfish interest or mental dullness now fails to recognize. "Bad politics" follows and reflects the deeper evils of a grossly unfair competitive business. Unfair in the sense that our excessive inequalities of wealth are known to be due largely to special favors or outright theft of public domain in mining, grazing, and lumbering. An excessive tariff is behind specific large fortunes "in iron." The tariff, together with rebates, has made several Steel Kings. Great mastery in the securing of rebates has made other vast fortunes. With a few distinct exceptions, this whole natural history of multimillionaire-dom is a story, no line of which can be told apart from a political corruption which these businesses *started*. This corruption did not *begin* with the blackmailer or the people. These are developed as later and consequent evils.

Better than with oil, mines, lumber, cattle, or steel, railway transportation is that through which we may best see this evil. Dr. Albert Shaw is not an alarmist, neither is he a general scold. He knows about our railroads. With-

\**Outlook*, March and April, 1905.

out wishing to do them injury, here are his deliberate opinions expressed in his *Review of Reviews*.

"The mismanagement of insurance companies has been a mere passing trifle when compared with the mismanagement of American railroad interests."

"We have a small and select population of plutocrats who control our railroads and have somehow managed to put into their private pockets some hundreds of thousands of millions of dollars through their ability to skim the cream off the country's prosperity.

"Many of those in control 'have juggled with securities, have played the stock-market up and down, have played tricks with their dividend policies, have so falsified their bookkeeping as to conceal surpluses, and have virtually confiscated the property of the confiding stockholders by the use they have made of the proxies which they themselves have solicited through the mails at the stockholders' expense.' They 'have got control of the American railroad system, have bled it unmercifully for their own benefit, and the result is that it no longer serves the practical purposes for which railroads exist.'"

Though himself seeing great objection to government management of railroads, he concludes:

"Whatever may be the objections to government ownership—and those objections are very great—it would be better than the indefinite continuance of an irresponsible and uncontrolled private management in the interest of a ring of plutocrats."

That judgment is caustic but it is not exaggerated. If we add to it, that the partnership between the railroad and iron, oil, lumber, cattle, mines, etc., has been through local and federal legislation in such dark and covered ways as to infect the very sources of our political life, we have merely a further and complete statement of the fact. This digression is only to make the question a little more intelligent: does Mr. Bryce take this evil thing *fully and fairly into account*? Seeing it all, has the bravery of his optimism good warrant?

One cannot answer it with satisfaction, because it is uncertain how far he is looking to the future rather than to the present. He seems to be saying, as he faces the evil, "Ugly as it is, you will throw it off. Your buoyancy, health, and confidence will cut out that rottenness as we in Eng-

land cut out our 'rotten boroughs' and recognized debaucheries that were blacker than America ever knew."

For this faith he gives two forceful reasons. First, the strategic advantage which public opinion has in this country. As compared to other countries, he finds its peculiarity in this, that our public opinion "stands above the parties, being cooler and larger minded than they are; it awes party leaders and holds in check party organizations. No one openly ventures to resist it. It determines the direction and the character of national policy. It is the product of a greater number of minds than in any other country, and it is more indisputably sovereign. It is the central point of the whole American policy. To describe it, that is, to sketch the leading political ideas, habits and tendencies of the American people, and show how they express themselves in action, is the most difficult and also the most vital part of my task."

This is a preliminary word in his Introduction in explanation of the detailed study of public opinion in several later chapters.\*

In noting the powers of the President, he says, "Nowhere is the rule of public opinion so complete as in America, nor so direct, that is to say, so independent of the ordinary machinery of government."†

The really great changes since Bryce's first edition strengthen every opinion he has expressed on this point. De Tocqueville finds the President almost a weakling in using public opinion. Ten years after de Tocqueville, the French Ambassador de Bacourt wrote his sister, "The State minds its own business so much that I have nothing to do." Mr. Bryce first writes:

"An American may, through a long life, never be reminded of the Federal Government except when he votes at Presidential and Congressional elections, lodges a complaint against the Post-

\*Part IV, II Vol.

†"The American Commonwealth," Vol. I, p. 63.

Office, and opens his trunk for a Custom House officer on the pier at New York when he returns from a tour of Europe."

As he comes now to a wide-armed welcome as Ambassador, he finds

"The Federal power in some of the most ordinary minutiae of daily life—when he buys a pound of meat, goes to the druggist for medicine, buys coffee at the corner grocery, or secures a railroad ticket."

He finds the immense hopefulness of public opinion here to be in the fact that its directive power is more and more consciously active in the entire body of the people.

President Woodrow Wilson at Columbia University says of this extraordinary growth that:

"In nothing has it grown more than in the development of the presidency. His cabinet becomes more and more dependent upon him; upon his single office, more and more the center of the vital forces of opinion and political initiative.

"The President alone is elected by the people as a whole, has no local constituency, speaks for no special interest. If he truly interpret the national thought and boldly enough insist upon it, he is irresistible."

Professor Münsterberg goes so far in agreement with Mr. Bryce as to say that "the parties with all their paraphernalia are merely the lower house of the nation, while Public Opinion is the upper house. He says again, "Most of all, it must be insisted that public opinion is all the time following up these excrescences on party life, and that public opinion presses forward year by year at an absolutely sure pace."

In no way has Mr. Bryce more helped us than in showing the folly of that long list of critics who gleefully traced our frailties to the *kind* of government we had chosen. I tried to keep a list of the specific degeneracies that writers connected with our *form* of government. We had set up as a Republic and *therefore* were becoming "godless," "irreverent," "mannerless," "silent," "monotonous," "supersensitive." We were "flighty" and "headstrong," "miserly in some directions and wasteful in others,"

all because we had cut loose from aristocracies. That five of our States repudiated their debts, or long threatened to do so, was an "inevitable result of democracy." Politika gives his reasons why our inordinate boasting follows from our type of government.\* As he says the effect of democracy is "to make men turbulent citizens, abandoned Christians, inconstant husbands and treacherous friends." Capt. Marryat says, "Slander and detraction are the inseparable evils of a democracy."†

We are shown how inevitable it is that we should consume such enormous quantities of cheap liquor, "because we are a democracy." Without the influence of aristocracy, we cannot produce art or literature.

Of all this shallowness Mr. Bryce makes short work. "One of the most polished and aristocratic societies in Europe has for two centuries been that of Vienna: yet what society could have been intellectually duller or less productive?" He says these theorizers about democracy are like Daniel giving us a dream and his own interpretation of it.

"Few mistakes are more common than that of exaggerating the influence of forms of government. As there are historians and politicians who, when they come across a trait of national character for which no obvious explanation presents itself, set it down to 'race,' so there are writers and speakers who, too indolent to examine the whole facts of the case, or too ill-trained to feel the need of such examination, pounce upon the political institutions‡ of a country as the easiest way to account for its social and intellectual, perhaps even for its moral and religious peculiarities."\*\*

"Let anyone study the portrait of the democratic man and democratic city which the first and greatest of all hostile critics of democracy has left us, and compare it with the very different descriptions of life and culture under a popular government in which

\*Apercu, p. 155.

†Diary I, p. 17.

‡Professor Freeman writes: "It is absurd to infer that a democratic federal form of government has a necessary and special tendency to corruption, when it is certain that corruption has been and is just as rife under governments of other kinds." "Impressions of the United States," p. 123.

\*\*"The American Commonwealth," Vol. II, p. 612.

European speculation has deported itself since de Tocqueville's time. He will find each theory plausible in the abstract, and each equally unlike the facts which contemporary America sets before us."

Mr. Bryce's second source of confidence is in the character of our education which works through this public opinion. More than twenty years ago he wrote of the new forms of education in the United States, "as powerfully affecting politics, the development not only of literary, scientific and historical studies, but in particular of a new school of publicists, who discuss constitutional and economic questions in a philosophic spirit; closer intellectual relationship with Europe, and particularly with England and Germany; increased interest of the best class of citizens in politics; improved literary quality of the newspapers and the periodicals." In 1905 he turns with still greater reliance to these educational hopes. His running comparison between our best and the best in Europe adds interest to his estimate.

"There has been within these last thirty-five years a development of the higher education in the United States perhaps without a parallel in the world.

"The interest taken in the constitutional topics and economic questions, indeed in everything that belongs to the sphere of political science, is as great as it is in Germany or France, and greater than in Britain.

"America has now not less than fifteen or perhaps even twenty seats of learning fit to be ranked beside the universities of Germany, France, and England as respects the completeness of the instruction which they provide and the thoroughness at which they aim.

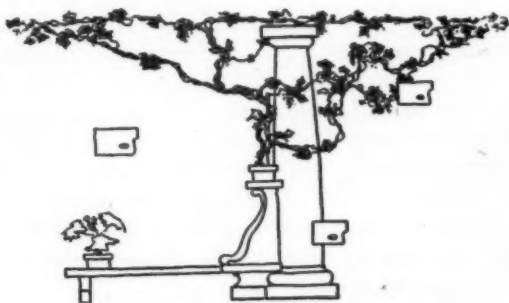
"Even more noticeable is the amplitude of the provision now made for the study of natural sciences, and of those arts in which science is applied to practical ends. In this respect the United States has gone ahead of Great Britain."\*

\*"America Revisited," *Outlook*, March, 1905.

These words too are reassuring: "The notion which has obtained currency in Europe that the people of the United States conscious that they have become a great World Power, are planning, and preparing to build up, a vast dominion over subject States or tribes seems ludicrous to any one who keeps his ears and eyes open in the country."



That the remaining shadows neither discourage nor seriously alarm him is the message for which we have most to thank this writer. That his hopes for us are based upon the strengthening and enriching of our education as it acts upon public opinion brings this cheer: a steadying and informing education is a remedy and a responsibility over which we have control. It is the distinction of Mr. Bryce to have shown better than any of our critics how direct a bearing this educated opinion has upon every destiny that is to constitute the enduring greatness of our common country.





## The Story of American Painting\*

### V. The Development of Landscape and Marine Painting.

By Edwina Spencer

Author of "American Sculptors."

OUR review of the first century of painting in America, from John Smybert's arrival here in 1728 to the death of Gilbert Stuart in 1828, has shown us a cycle devoted entirely to portraiture. Serious interest in landscape for itself, aside from its use as a background for the human figure,—our present concern with the faithful portrayal of nature's varied aspects—had not yet developed in any country, here, or abroad; while in America the sole and insistent demand was for portraiture, from the time of our earliest limners down to the production of Trumbull's historical compositions,—and indeed the latter are valuable chiefly as portrait groups.

Yet landscape painting was not unfamiliar to our artists. We know that Smybert and the generations following him essayed it for their own pleasure, though probably none of their experiments have survived "the tooth of time." But they painted according to the European

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\*Miss Sepnecr's series will appear in THE CHAUTAUQUAN in the months from September to May. The articles heretofore printed are: "Foreword," and "Painting in Colonies" (September); "The Period of the Revolution" (October); "The Years of Preliminary Growth" (November); "Formative Influences" (December).

standards of their day, and their landscapes were in the "grand manner"—artificial in conception and "made up" from imagination, instead of copied from actual scenery. It was, of course, inevitable that the lack of opportunity for study at home, and the necessity for seeking every artistic help and inspiration abroad, should make our early painting more or less an echo of contemporary England and Renaissance Italy. Aside from Stuart's work, and that done by Copley before he went to London, it was a retrospective art, leaning on the traditions and influences of the Old World. Painting had not yet accorded their rightful place to the manifold beauties of land and sea. The few landscapes produced among us roused no interest; the freshness and charm of our own natural scenery had made no artistic appeal.

Such was the barrenness of the landscape field when our first century of painting drew to a close. Only Thomas Doughty, a young leather manufacturer who gave up business for art in 1820, had begun to portray bits of woodland and river valley; but he was not destined to be the originator and inspirer of the new movement. That may be dated from 1828, when Thomas Cole, a struggling young artist in a New York garret, exhibited in a shop window some of his sketches of Catskill mountain scenery,—little canvases which were big with portent, for they heralded the dawn of a new day. So, curiously enough, the year which, with Stuart's death, so significantly marks the close of our first hundred years of portraiture, is equally significant in its prophecy. Landscape painting, in which our men were later to win such signal successes, began to find honor and appreciation from that date.

The almost instant popularity of these landscapes gave the first impulse toward an expression of something distinctly American in our art; and Thomas Cole's ardent, enthusiastic personality exerted an influence which was felt long after his too early death at forty-seven. He was born at Bolton-le-Moor, England, in 1801,—an only son, with

three sisters. The father was a lovable, kindly, industrious soul, who never seemed able to succeed financially; and when Thomas was a mere lad the family migrated to this country. Their vicissitudes were great; but the boy while helping his father in every way possible, played away his disappointments on his beloved flute, dreamed of art and music, and was increasingly ambitious for high achievement.

In 1820, a traveling limner passing through Steubenville, Ohio, where they lived, gave him an English book on art, illustrated with engravings, which made Cole's eager young soul burn to become a painter.\* He longed, even then, to attempt landscapes; but it was imperative that he should earn money at once, and portraits alone afforded remuneration. After enduring all sorts of pain, privation and disappointment, as an itinerant portrait-painter, and spending a winter in Philadelphia where he lived on bread and water in an empty room and slept rolled up in a blanket, he returned to his family who were now established in New York, and set up his easel in his father's garret.†

This was in 1825. He had never given up his desire to paint landscapes, and while drawing at the Academy during his stay in Philadelphia, he also sketched constantly from nature. Now he began to give rein to his inclinations, and a merchant was persuaded to place a few little sketches in his window. A gentleman who bought one for ten dol-

\*His greatest joy had always been to wander off by himself with his flute and his pencil; his childish play-time was given to drawing, and this first book on art which he had ever seen was a thrilling revelation. He told Dunlap, years after, that he kept it close beside him night and day; while "the names of Stuart and Sully came to his ears like the titles of great conquerors, and the great masters were hallowed above all earthly things."

†Cole never liked to dwell upon these experiences. He walked from town to town (sometimes a hundred miles apart) seeking employment as a limner; his green baize bag over his shoulder, in which were his few clothes, his home-made brushes and other painting materials, and his flute. The flute, like that of Goldsmith, and like Luther's sweet voice, often gained him food and lodging; thus he "played his way" over many a weary mile. He was paid for his portraits (!) in various articles—a saddle, a silver watch, a gold chain (which proved to be copper), a pair of shoes, etc., rarely in money.

lars learned that the young artist's dream was to paint the scenery along the Hudson River, and offered him the means of doing so.

As a result, three pictures were exhibited in another shop window, in 1828, this time for twenty-five dollars apiece. They were first noticed by Trumbull, who bought one on the spot, and went to tell Dunlap about them. John Durand (an engraver who afterwards helped to found our landscape art) happened in, and all three set out to find the new painter. They climbed to his garret, bought the other two pictures, and gave him such serious and intelligent praise as must have been exceedingly sweet to the sensitive, aspiring novice. Dunlap, always quick to appreciate and encourage the work of others, called attention to Cole in the journals of the day, and from this turning-point in his career "his fame spread like fire."

He made two long visits to Europe; but most of his twenty years of professional life were spent at his little home in the Catskills, where he died in 1848. Here his many friends among the artists, and his dear companion, William Cullen Bryant, came for long walks and talks among the hills they all loved, and from here his influence radiated. His lofty idealism was like that of Washington Allston; his enthusiasm for the advancement of our art like that of Hunt. A friend records that he was "full of tenderness and sweet humanities;" indeed the fineness and purity of his spirit, his honor and his courage, place Cole high on the long list of generous, honorable and courageous men\* whom American art can claim.

During the latter part of his career, Cole became more and more absorbed in expressing, by means of landscape, great allegorical and religious ideas; painting various series

\*A recent writer speaks of Cole's early entering upon "an era of uninterrupted prosperity," but this popularity of his brush did not bring him ease. His first trip to Europe was undertaken to gain means of support for his family and of paying debts which "it crushed his very soul to think of." He cared for his three sisters, and assumed very large debts left by his father; all his life he was "at home with difficulties."

of subjects, like "The Voyage of Life," four canvases showing Infancy, Youth, Manhood, and Old Age drifting on the Stream of Time. Equally famous was "The Course of Empire," depicting the rise, progress, decline and fall of a great nation, and the succeeding desolation. Such also was his last picture, "The Cross and the World." They were immensely popular at the time, and though such subjects now seem trite and uninteresting, some of these canvases are still impressive. They reveal a powerful imagination struggling with the old mistake of trying to make painting express ideas far more suited to literature than to art.

Cole's works of real importance are his American landscapes, which were a revelation to Americans, as well as to Europeans, of the charm of our native scenery. In the present era of landscape painting, it is difficult to realize the sudden furore which these canvases roused, and the ardent delight with which the early landscapists explored the continent for material. They were deeply sincere in their love for the beauties around them,—sharing the feeling which prompted Cole to write "neither the Alps nor the Apennines, nor even Etna itself, have dimmed in my eyes the beauty of our own Catskills." Bryant's sonnet,\* written upon his friend's departure for Europe, voices the new spirit making itself felt.

Associated with Cole are the names of Doughty, Durand and Kensett, examples of whose work, (with Cole's "Roman Aqueduct"), were reproduced in THE CHAUTAU-

\*"Thine eyes shall see the light of distant skies,  
Yet, Cole! thy heart shall bear to Europe's strand  
A living image of our own bright land,  
Such as on thy own glorious canvas lies.  
Lone lakes—savannas where the bison roves—  
Rocks rich with summer garlands—solemn streams—  
Skies, where the desert eagle wheels and screams—  
Spring bloom and autumn blaze of boundless groves.  
Fair scenes shall greet thee where thou goest—fair,  
But different—everywhere the trace of men.  
Paths, homes, graves, ruins, from the lowest glen  
To where life shrinks from the fierce Alpine air.  
Gaze on them till the tears shall dim thy sight,  
But keep that earlier, wilder image bright."

QUAN for November. Thomas Doughty, (1793-1856) has been mentioned as being the earliest in the field; he painted in London and Paris, as well as at home, and when the other men who had produced a few landscapes here gave it up from lack of encouragement, Doughty had the resolution to persevere. But his success varied greatly while his later life was full of misfortune, illness and despondency. His pictures, however, have real charm; little, unpretentious bits of hill-side, valley and river, they hold a place of their own in the memory.

The active "founders" of the movement were Cole and Asher Brown Durand. Cole was the inspirer and the pioneer; he blazed the way which Durand afterward followed. The latter was one of our finest engravers, devoting himself to that work until a half dozen years after he met Cole. He then essayed portrait and figure painting; and not until a short time before his friend's death did he give himself up to landscape. But, fortunately, just when Cole had turned from pure landscape to allegorical and religious subjects, Durand took up the simple, sincere portrayal of nature, and never swerved from it until he peacefully laid down his brush forever. Born in 1796, he lived to be ninety,—long enough to see a tremendous development in the field he had chosen.

John F. Kensett, the next to devote himself to landscape, followed Durand's simple, sincere way of looking at nature, and produced excellent pictures, whose skies have an especial luminous beauty. Kensett, born in 1818, was twenty-two years Durand's junior; and, with very few exceptions, the large number of men who now began to turn to landscape painting were all born at least a quarter of a century later than Doughty, Durand and Cole. They were the men of "the fifties," beginning their professional lives during the mid-century—direct successors of the pioneers, and struggling with problems of a new departure, yet carrying on the movement, with increasing force, until a more skilful technique and a broader knowledge began to make

its advent with the young men of "the seventies." Many of them kept active pace with the advance made by the next generation.

Most of these artists of the fifties who painted chiefly the scenery of New York and New England, have been grouped with Cole and Durand as the Hudson River, or White Mountain, school.\* Others, full of enthusiasm for new scenes, went with our first explorers to the Rocky Mountains and the Yellowstone, filling very large canvases with western views. The best painter among the latter was Thomas Moran, who has produced so many pictures of the Yellowstone and the Yosemite; he continued to enlarge his skill and widen his scope with the years, so that he belongs properly to a later time, and his fine etchings will be noticed in a succeeding article. The immense landscapes of Albert Bierstadt, with their panoramic presentation of mountains, water-falls, lakes, rivers, and prairies made a tremendous impression on the public of his day; his most frequent subjects were scenes in the Rocky Mountains, but he turned out an astounding number of works throughout a long life.

An important and unique place belongs to Frederic Edwin Church,\* (1826-1900) who as a boy was taken into Cole's Catskill home, and may be called his only pupil. From the beginning Church devoted himself to expressing the grandest and most imposing aspects of nature; for years he ransacked the globe in search of natural marvels to copy. From icebergs to volcanoes, he ran the gamut of tremend-

\*The frequent allusion in historical or critical writing to this or that "school" of art in this sense means a group of artists, in any country or time, who have adopted the same ideas and methods and are trying to express the same ideals. Occasionally, as in speaking of "the school of Raphael," it indicates the followers or imitators of one man; but it is equally used for the tendencies of artists of a certain country or locality, as the French or Dutch schools of a given period, the Florentine school, the early school of Fontainebleau.

†F. E. Church, the landscapist, is different in identity from F. S. (Frederick Stuart) Church, the figure painter, with whose dainty, fanciful conceptions of graceful maidens playing with jolly beasts and birds most of us are familiar.

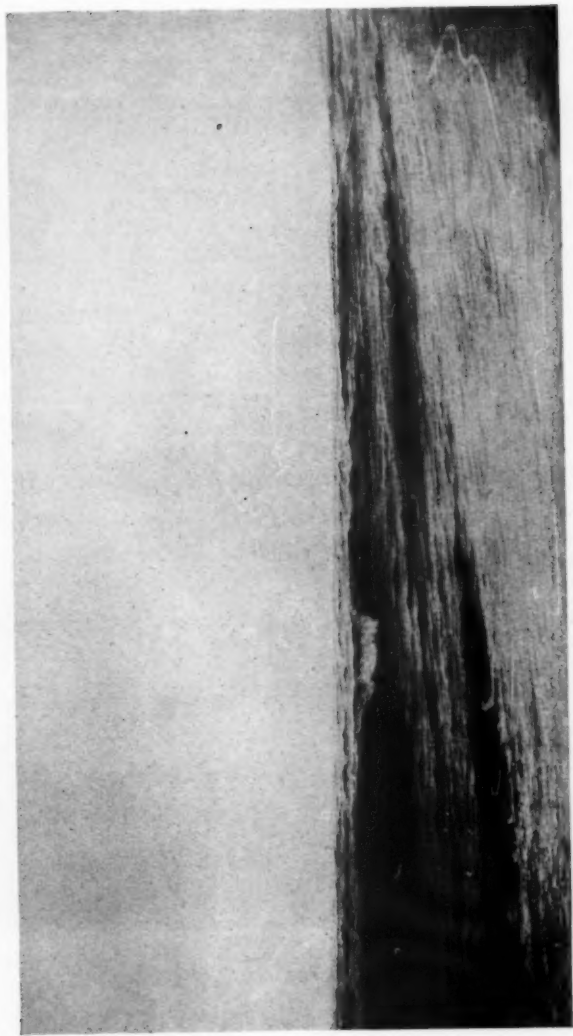




Cannon Rock, by Winslow Homer. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.



The Gulf Stream, by Winslow Homer. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.



On the Coast of New Jersey, by William T. Richards. In the Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.



Young Holstein Bull, by Carleton Wiggins. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.



Broad Silent Valley, by Alexander H. Wyant. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art. New York.



Spring Woods, by Henry Ranger. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

Spring Woods, by Henry Ranger. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.



Spring, by H. Bolton Jones. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

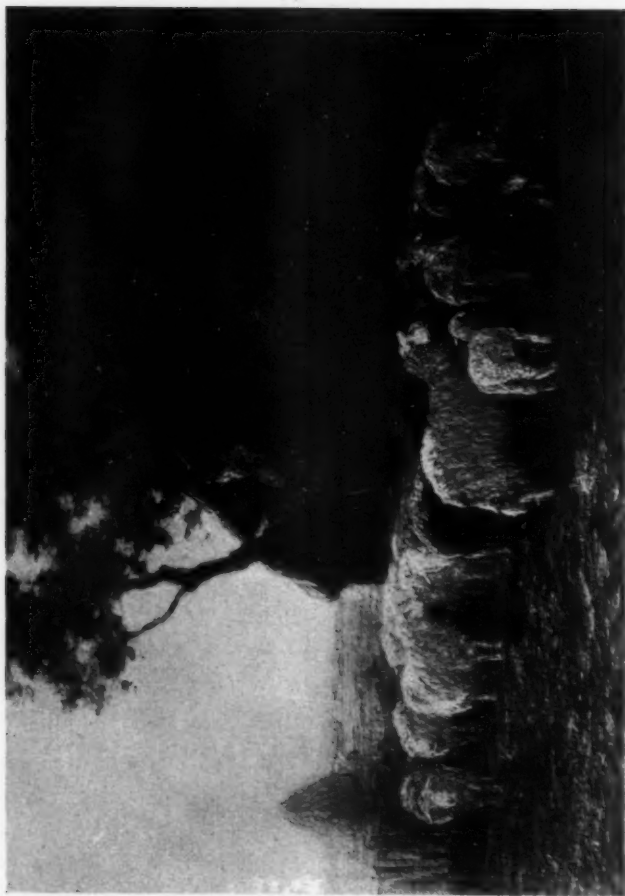


The Delaware Valley, by George Inness. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.





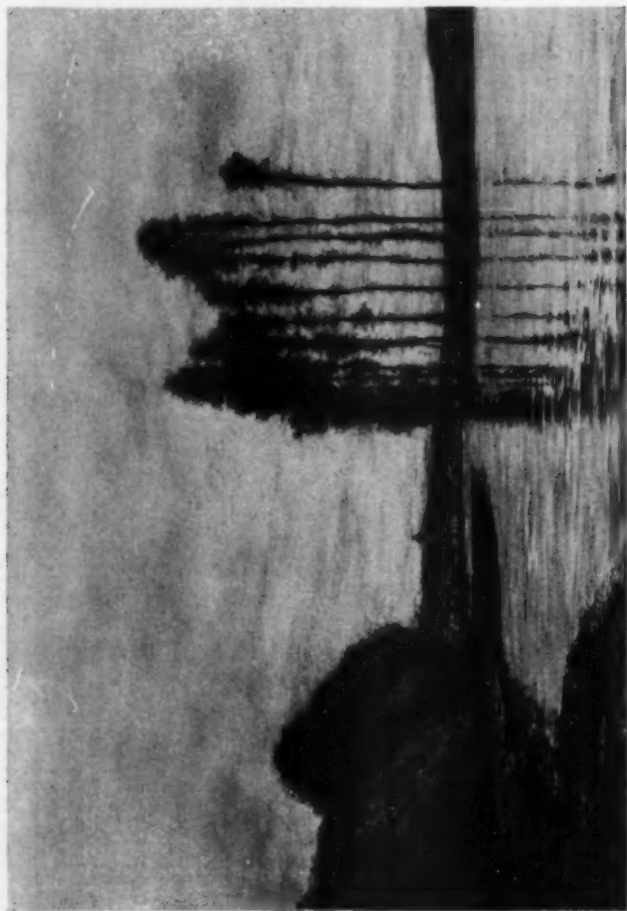
Peace and Plenty, by George Inness. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.



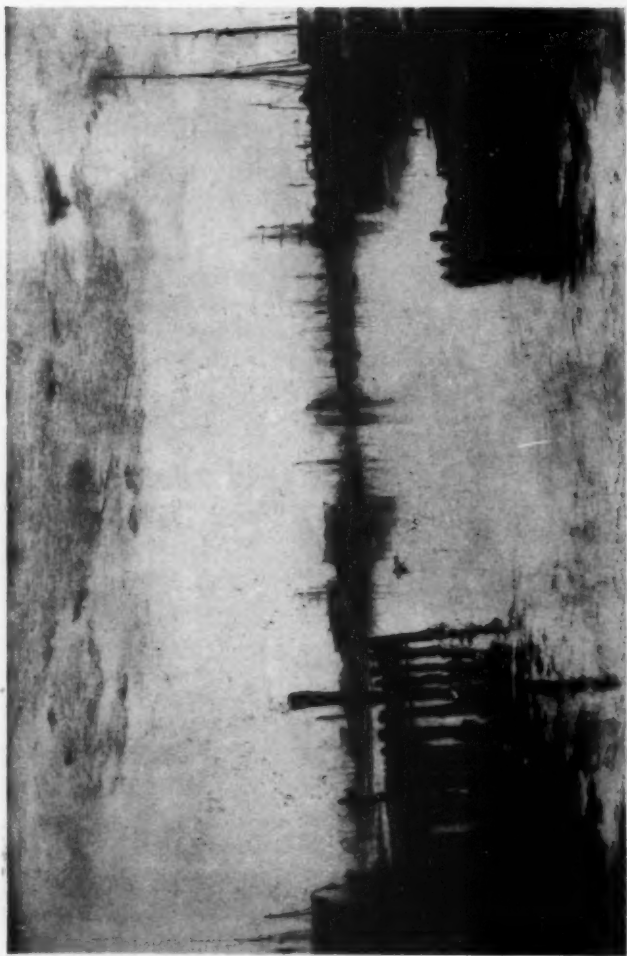
Sheepfold, by Horatio Walker. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.



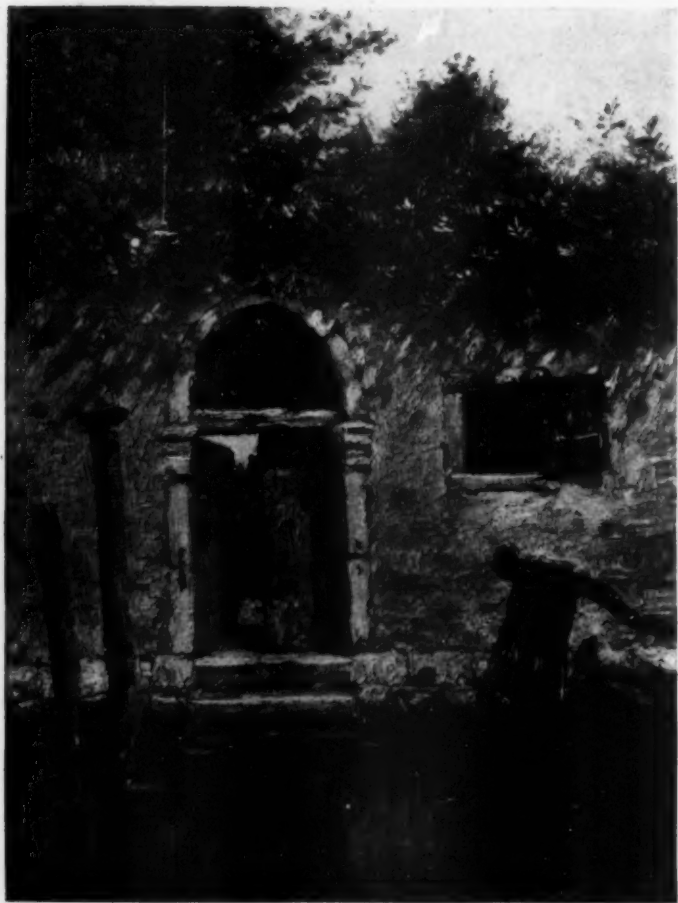
Moonlight, by Dwight W. Tryon. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.



View on the Seine ("The Harp of the Winds"), by Homer D. Martin. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.



Gloucester Harbor, by William Morris Hunt. From an etching by Parrish (after the original painting) in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.



Venetian Scene, by Burr H. Nicholls.

ous subjects. His tropical forests of South America, his remarkable views of the Andes, his scenes in Greece and the Egean islands, in Mexico, and other countries are amazingly well handled; and his was for years the most satisfactory portrayal of the falls of Niagara—(see illustration in November CHAUTAUQUAN). Church's industry and activity were beyond belief,—indeed his health was seriously affected by the hardships of travel and of long-continued work in the tropics.

In contrast to the work of Church, both in spirit and treatment, are the landscapes of a little group of men who painted small canvases presenting the simplest and most familiar aspects of the American countryside. They are full of refinement and charm,—sincere, loving, leisurely transcripts of nature,—the work of Worthington Whittredge, John Bunyan Bristol, David Johnson, and various others. The most notable name of this group is that of Alexander H. Wyant, (1836-1892,) one of our truest and most poetic landscapists; and I greatly regret the limitations of space which prevent giving a detailed account of these painters, who represent perhaps the best in the early school.

Such important names, too, as Hubbard, Hill, Cropsey, Mignot, the two Hart brothers, (William and James,) John W. Casilear, Samuel Colman, Jervis McEntee, Sanford R. Gifford and Swain Gifford, must not be omitted. But the story of American landscape painting demands a volume in itself, and it is possible to give here only the simplest outline of its origin and development, dwelling upon none but the few men whose influence was especially prominent in forming or directing its progress.

Sufficient emphasis rarely is placed upon the importance to our art of the work accomplished by Cole, Durand, and their immediate successors. The name Hudson River school, (or White Mountain school), represents neither a group of fine technicians, nor men rich in feeling for color or design. Much that they painted was crude and hesitating;



Indian Encampment, by Ralph Albert Blakelock. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

in the path they were following they had no artistic traditions or precedent to follow, and the benefits of wider scientific knowledge and subtler insight belong to a later time. But they were all animated by an intense patriotism, (such as made Cole record that he would have given his left hand to be able to identify himself more closely with this country by saying he was born here,)\* and their unfeigned enthusiasm for their native scenery never flagged. They climbed the mountains and roamed the valleys of the east; they endured all the hardships of western exploration

\*Dunlap tells us that Cole's family, on both sides, lived in America before going to England,—one of his grandfathers near Baltimore.



with the first expeditions to the Rockies and the Yosemite. The Hudson, the White Mountains and the woods of New England, the Delaware, the tropical scenes of the Carolinas and Georgia, all were copied with rejoicing, even to the least detail.

They were proud of being the first artists to reveal the country's wealth of natural beauty, and of being the first exponents of work which was purely American in inspiration and portrayal.\* A serene delight in the charm and glory of nature, an earnestness and an unfailing dignity, ran through all their work like threads of gold. This formed their bond of unity; it was largely what made them a power in their own day, and what helped them lay the substantial foundation for the future development of landscape painting in America,—as well as for its future appreciation. They aroused the interest in landscape which has ever since been characteristic of our collectors and art lovers; they bequeathed to succeeding landscapists a national spirit which still survives, in spite of changes in technique and artistic standards.

During the mid-century, when most of these early men visited Europe, the highest artistic authority was centered in Düsseldorf. For serious training, it commanded the allegiance that was later transferred to Paris, and its standards influenced our art for years. A result of this German teaching was careful and accurate drawing, produced by its rigid drilling; yet the methods tended to crush all originality and spontaneity. A fondness for romantic subjects, with a good deal of false sentiment, was characteristic of the school; but more unfortunate was its tendency toward weak, forced and unnatural coloring. To Düsseldorf

\*The poet Bryant has been mentioned as an intimate friend of Cole; he sympathized deeply with the artist's passionate love for American scenery, and his poems show the result of their long woodland rambles. Later, Emerson, Holmes, Whittier and Lowell added their tributes to the beauties of their native land; but they were mere lads when Cole became known in 1828. A question which might be discussed with profit is, "To what extent did these early painters of American landscape interest and stimulate the poets?"

we owe many of those smooth, shiny, dark-brown landscapes, with every leaf and grass-blade clearly outlined, and those monotonous marines, in which a dingy sky bends to meet a still dingier India-rubber ocean, that haunt some of our older homes and galleries.

The revelation of nature's real brilliancy, the study of light and color in landscape, the whole artistic world owes to France,—and to the much maligned painters of the "impressionist" school, whose effects did not begin until 1860. But before that influence reached us, the way was paved for its reception by the return from France of William Morris Hunt, bringing with him the ideas and methods of the French school of Fontainebleau and Barbison.\*

When Hunt came back to America in 1855, he found the methods of Düsseldorf in vogue, and began at once his crusade against one of the chief faults of the style,—minute finish of every detail, to the neglect of the broad, essential truths of form and color. He had learned from his study in Paris, and from his friends among the great Frenchmen of Fontainebleau, the necessity for a simpler, more direct method; he looked at a figure or landscape as formed by masses of light and shade; he painted them as they appear at the ordinary distance,—when intervening space prevents the eye from detecting every irregularity in the bark of a tree or the outline of each leaf.

One of Hunt's oft-repeated exhortations to his pupils was "Dare to do it in the simplest way!" He contended for that truth and simplicity of portrayal which roused the early Parisian ridicule of Millet as "too poor to give his peasants folds in their garments!" The breadth of execution which does not distract the mind with detail any more than nature herself does, but presents what it has to convey with force and vitality, was Hunt's aim.

As a teacher he was wonderful, and there his widest

\*For a brief account of Hunt's life, with reproductions of some of his works and several portraits of him, see the article on "Formative Influences" in the December CHAUTAUQUAN.

helpfulness lay. One of his students says "Certainly there never was an instructor more electrifying, more encouraging, more capable of conveying his meaning in the simplest and most direct manner." His talks on art to his classes, (which were garnered by a pupil into a small book,) exerted a tremendous influence. Earnestness and sincerity were the only passports needed to his friendship and generous sympathy. He was extraordinarily magnetic; a man of great force and of intense enthusiasm, "the brightest among the wits, the most serious among the thinkers and workers." He roused and stimulated those with whom he came in contact; and the effect of his life and character upon artistic conditions, is incalculable during the barren years when he held aloft so bravely the torch of inspiration.\*

For two decades and a half, Hunt threw all the strength of his remarkable personality into the advancement of American Art. He painted many portraits (because they were so insistently demanded rather than from choice), and two fine mural decorations,—which, with his unique charcoal drawings, will be noticed in succeeding articles. Landscape, however, interested him intensely; from his student days until his death, he devoted much time to it, painting from New England to Florida, and studying every phase of the varying seasons. His "Falls of Niagara," painted the year before he died, is a canvas full of grandeur. The culmination of all his landscape work, however, is the "Gloucester Harbor,"—that brilliant bit of sky and water, fairly bathed in bright air and sunshine. Struggling against the old dull tones, striving to achieve what no one yet had accomplished here, a reflection on canvas of the real vigor and glow of nature itself, Hunt exclaimed when the "Gloucester Harbor" was finished, "At last, I have painted a picture with light in it!"

\*F. P. Vinton, the painter, writes, "He made one feel that life contains great possibilities; that art is a divine thing; that the ambition of a painter ought to be, not to gain position or the applause of critics and society, but to be true to his best and highest aspirations, regardless of praise or censure."

Although our art had been actively influenced by England, Italy and Germany, it was not until a year or two before Hunt's return to America that French ideas and methods began to be known to our painters. Between 1850 and 1860, a few dealers commenced to import French landscapes, which made an instant impression; and in 1866 the Allston Club of Boston (of which Hunt was president) raised five thousand dollars to purchase "The Quarry,"\* by Courbet, which is now in the Museum of Fine Arts.

Soon after, American art students, who were yearly increasing in number, began flocking to Paris. There and at Munich they received the most advanced instruction that Europe had to offer; and these enthusiastic youngsters of the "seventies" had the benefit of much that was denied their equally enthusiastic precursors of the "fifties." Since then progress had been made along many lines; and while the earlier men were more or less mature when they went over—with their ideas and technique already formed—these students began to learn from the very beginning, and built up a solid basis of craftsmanship to underlie their future efforts.

Before 1880 many of them were back in America, hard at work painting and teaching,—spreading the knowledge they had gained. Meantime, in two important ways, the ground had been prepared for them, and for the rapid advance which followed. Hunt's greatest service to our art was the impulse he gave to our artistic sympathies, enlarging our outlook, deepening our appreciation, raising our standards. He helped to make a welcome for such of our

\*In 1866, when "The Quarry" was purchased here, Courbet, who afterward achieved an important place in French art, had received very little appreciation in his own country. What this sale to a club of American artists meant to him is shown by an allusion to it one of Armand Gauthier's writings. Gauthier was with the artist on the evening when the money for the picture arrived; and Courbet exclaimed, "What care I for the Salon, what care I for honors, when the art students of a new country, and a great country, *know and appreciate and buy my works?*" Climbing upon the omnibus to go home (with the money pinned in his vest) he declared that day to be the proudest of his whole life.

own men as Elihu Vedder and John La Farge. Our early appreciation of Millet\* was due to him; and the instant recognition of Courbet's work by the artists of Boston was partly a result of his influence. The facts regarding American encouragement of Millet and Courbet are known to few. But now-a-days, when we hear so much talk of our "sudden" artistic development, and our lack of art appreciation, it is well to realize that from the days of West, Copley, Stuart, Trumbull, and good old Dunlap with his frank, sympathetic volume of art annals, there always have been cultivated, intelligent Americans alert to enjoy and encourage the best in the art of every land.

In addition to Hunt's efforts, there came, three years before his death, the great stimulus of the Centennial Exhibition. Its display of foreign and native art had an electrifying effect,—helping the artists to study, compare, and criticise, but doing even more good by revealing to the public at large what our painters and sculptors had already achieved, and what a worthy thing American art bade fair to become. Aided by the remarkable growth and prosperity of the nation, a rapid advance set in. The Art Students' League which was organized in New York in 1875 was incorporated in 1878; and during the same year the Society of American Artists came into being. Following these there has since arisen the net-work of art schools, art clubs, private and public galleries which spreads from coast to coast.

During the past thirty years landscape painting has become one of our most important and typical forms of artistic expression; and our painters rank with the very best that the contemporary art of the world can offer. The old topographical completeness of detail has given way to unity and harmony of effect; the theories of the so-called "impressionists" have been assimilated and adapted to our needs in solving the modern problems of light and color; while the intellectual and emotional content of the work is pecu-

\*See November CHAUTAUQUAN.

liarily interesting. The contemporary men and their achievements will be discussed separately in next month's issue.

All that has been said of landscape proper, applies equally to marine painting,—which developed along the same lines, and is difficult to treat separately because so many of our landscapists have also portrayed the ocean with excellent success. In the early days, marine painting attracted few devotees. Probably the first man to make a life-long study of the sea was a New England Quaker, William Bradford (1830-1892), who gave much of his time to Arctic scenes,—accompanying several expeditions toward the north pole, and painting icebergs in Labrador. William T. Richards (1833-1905), who began his best work somewhat late in his career, has left us many exquisitely harmonious canvases, of quiet beaches and rolling surf.

Men of the same generation were Edward Moran (1829-1901, a brother of Thomas Moran), and Maurice Frederick Hendrik de Haas. Moran lived and painted much on the Grand Menan, at the mouth of the Bay of Fundy, and late in life executed a series of scenes from our naval history. De Haas, born in Rotterdam in 1832, came to New York from Holland in 1858, and for the succeeding thirty-seven years until his death, was identified with American marine painting. Arthur Quartley (1839-1886) had only four or five years of professional life, yet achieved such poetic and powerful work as to give him high rank. J. C. Nicoll and Alfred Thompson Bricher are still among us, producing excellent pictures.

Of somewhat later men, Alexander Harrison, a native of Philadelphia, but long established in Paris, has won many European honors; while other well-known names are those of Gedney Bunce, F. K. M. Rehn, Henry B. Snell, and Frederick W. Kost, each of whom is typical in his individual way. Carlton T. Chapman has added to his other marines the depiction of naval warfare,—having painted various exploits of our navy, from the days of Paul Jones to those of Admiral Dewey, with careful study of historical

detail. The fine marines of Maynard, Dodge, Bicknell, Butler, Carlsen and Twachtman, deserve special mention; and the remarkably strong development, during recent years of Charles H. Woodbury rejoices all lovers of old ocean. Woodbury is a Boston man, who devotes himself to studying the effects of light and color upon turbulent or quiet water,—painting the simplest bits of jutting rock or breaking wave with a force and daring that is irresistible. He lives a great deal on the water, in comradeship with storm and calm, learning every phase of his subjects.

The most powerful and original of our marine painters is Winslow Homer,—a much older man than Woodbury, and a craftsman of unusual technical strength combined with imaginative genius. His earlier work was chiefly figure painting, and his career will be reviewed next month in that connection. But of late he has given himself entirely to a rugged, forceful portrayal of "the ancient sea, murmuring the ancient spell;" and there is a grandeur in his canvases, a majesty and power, that make them both unique and precious.

The development of landscape and marine painting in America has been vigorous and consistent, owning a past and present of which we may well be proud.

#### PAINTINGS.

For the work of the Hudson River School, the collection of the New York Historical Society is especially fine; also the Corcoran Gallery at Washington. To a lesser degree these men are represented in the Wadsworth Athenæum at Hartford, the Metropolitan Museum, the Pennsylvania Academy, the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, the Chicago Art Institute, and the Albright Gallery at Buffalo. The Lenox Library, New York, and other libraries and associations founded some years ago in different parts of the country contain certain examples; while many remain in private hands.

*Cole's* "Course of Empire" is in the New York Historical Society; with other examples of his Italian and American subjects. Three typical American views, and his "Mount Etna" are in the Wadsworth Athenæum. His "Angels Appearing to the Shepherds" in Boston is poor. His "Tornado" is in the Corcoran Gallery.

*Doughty and Durand* are to be studied in the places above mentioned. The latter's largest picture, "A Mountain Forest," is in the Corcoran, and "The Beeches" by him is in the Walters Collection, Baltimore.

*Kensett's* "White Mountains" belongs to the Century Club,



New York; and nineteen of his canvases are in the Metropolitan Museum.

Church's "Niagara" is in the Corcoran; his "Niagara from the American Side," is in the Museum of Fine Arts, Edinburgh, Scotland. His famous "Cotopaxi" is in the Lenox Library; he has two in the Walters Collection; and "The Icebergs" is owned by Sir E. Watkins, in London, England.

Hunt's landscapes and the work of the marine painters will be listed next month with contemporary work.

#### BIBLIOGRAPHY.

The only life of Cole is by his pastor, Louis L. Noble, who calls his book, "The Voyage of Life and other pictures of Thomas Cole" (New York, 1853). It is largely a compilation from Cole's diary and letters.

In "Lives of Poor Boys Who Became Famous," by Sarah K. Bolton (New York and Boston, 1885), is a notice of Cole.

In Bryant's "Orations and Addresses," published in 1873 (pages 1-40), may be found his funeral oration upon Cole, delivered May 4, 1848, before the National Academy of Design.

"The Life and Times of Asher B. Durand," by his son, John Durand (New York, 1894). Biographical notices of F. E. Church appeared at the time of his death in the *Outlook* for April, 1900; *Public Opinion*, April 19, 1900; *Harper's Weekly*, April 21, 1900; *The Athenæum*, April 14, 1900.

SEARCH AND REVIEW QUESTIONS UPON THE REQUIRED READING  
WILL BE FOUND IN THE ROUND TABLE SECTION AT THE BACK OF THIS  
MAGAZINE.

(End of C. L. S. C. Required Reading for March.)



# Some Great American Scientists\*

## VI. Thomas Alva Edison

By George Iles

Author of "Inventors at Work."

**T**HOMAS ALVA EDISON, great as an inventor, is remarkable simply as a man. His massive head, square jaw, and virile stride are those of a born conqueror, let him have chosen what path he might. At the base of his victories stands a physical vigor that laughs at fatigue, that finds him at sixty a boy in lightness of heart, in love of fun. He hopes for at least thirty years more of hard work; his father lived to be ninety-four, and his grand-father to one hundred and three. Two of the best strains in the world meet in his blood. His father, of Dutch stock, was born in Digby, Nova Scotia; his mother, Nancy Elliot, a native of Ohio, was of Scottish descent. At Milan, Ohio, on February 11, 1847, their famous son was born. His father was so poor that the boy went to school for only two months. But his mother, who had been a school teacher, taught him all she knew; and her lessons were the best he ever learned, for they put him in the way to instruct himself. For all the narrowness of his early circumstances, Edison has acquired an informal education both wide and thorough. He knows supremely well how to think, how to work, how to express himself with clearness and precision.

When he was seven years old his parents removed to Port Huron, Michigan, where five years afterward he began to earn his bread as a newsboy on the Grand Trunk Railroad. One day at Mount Clements, a station on the line,

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\*The first article of this series, "Asa Gray," by Prof. Charles Reid Barnes, appeared in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for September; the second, "John James Audubon," by Prof. Samuel C. Schmucker, in October; the third, "Simon Newcomb," by Prof. Malcolm McNeill, in November; the fourth, "Louis Agassiz," by David Starr Jordan, in December; the fifth, "Samuel Pierpont Langley," by William F. Magie, in January.

an act of bravery proved the turning point in his career. He saw the station master's child playing on the track, while a train rapidly approached. In a flash, at the risk of his life, and not a moment too soon, Edison plucked the child to safety. Its father, Mr. J. U. Mackenzie, as a mark of gratitude, taught Edison telegraphy, and thus introduced him to the world of electric art in which he has become illustrious. As an aid in learning how to work a key, Edison built a telegraph instrument with his own hands in a Detroit gunshop. It was rough and clumsy, but it served, and that was all he wanted. Thus early did he manifest that skill of hand without which there can be no inventor. And as he put together key and lever, a spring and a rudely wound electro-magnet, he came to understand how a telegraph instrument does its work. He discovered what a "circuit" is, what "polarities" mean; he gained a first hand acquaintance with batteries, much more troublesome then than now. Principles, as well as patterns, then and there began to impress that extraordinary intelligence.

His resourcefulness, too, was soon displayed. One morning, in April, an ice jam snapped the cable between the shores of Port Huron and Sarnia, divided by the St. Clair River, here a mile or more in width. Telegraphy was suspended, and the railroad people were at their wit's end. But Edison was far from being at the end of his wit. He jumped aboard a locomotive, manipulated its whistle with the long and short signals of the Morse alphabet, and in two minutes, by attracting the attention of the Sarnia operator, messages were exchanged across the ice-floes. Edison is wont to recall this as his first feat in wireless telegraphy.

We find him next at Stratford, Ontario, a night operator on the Grand Trunk Line. To keep tab on him the local agent required "six" to be ticked off on his instrument every half hour. Edison deemed this attendance quite needless; accordingly he notched a wheel so that every thirty minutes it set off the six dots demanded. That wheel

was afterward developed into the "call" of the district telegraph systems. In those days, more commonly than now, telegraph operators were a roving tribe, and, in the course of a wide pilgrimage, Edison at seventeen was working a key at Indianapolis. Here he devised his automatic repeater, which takes an electric pulse as it arrives faint and feeble at the end of a long journey, and makes it touch off a strong local current which wings the message for a second lengthy flight.

Taking to the road once again, Edison in 1868 found himself in Boston. He had now become so expert that, when he wrote his smallest hand, he could receive fifty-four words a minute. It was during this stay in Boston that he invented his electrical vote-recorder, on which, at twenty-one, he secured his first patent. This apparatus recorded and summed ayes and noes exactly and at once. Yet it was declined, with thanks, by the Legislature of Massachusetts. Its inventor, bitterly disappointed, believed that this "No" was voted because his mechanism threatened to put an end to filibustering, a process in which legislators then, and afterward, have found advantage. Ever since, in aught but experiments undertaken solely for inquiry's sake, Edison has always ascertained that there is a market for an invention before he seeks to give it substance and form.

At this period of his career, the committal of two or more messages at a time to a wire was enlisting the skill of many ingenious men. "Why shouldn't I try, too?" asked Edison. At the end of many toilsome experiments he came to two distinct plans for sending two telegrams simultaneously over a wire. Then, uniting both methods, he created his quadruplex system, enabling four operators to work one wire at once. This apparatus was installed by the Western Union Company, and forthwith began saving no less than \$600,000 a year. Devices much less important, and incomparably more simple, excited Edison's passion for improvement, for thorough reconstruction. He examined a

round of telegraphic printers, found them all imperfect in design and liable to derangement under stress. This, especially in stock-exchange service, was a serious matter. He designed a new automatic printer, so effective that it is at work today, little changed after thirty years' good service.

With capital earned by his patents, Edison, in 1873, established at Newark a factory for the manufacture of his inventions, for experiments of a new breadth and boldness. Thus, at twenty-six, to what he could build with his own hands was joined what could be made by the hands of other skillful men, under his direction. From that day to this, Edison's method has been that of a general in the field. First he conceives an idea for a new device or process, and thoroughly informs himself as to its feasibility. He then engages the mechanics and engineers, the physicists, chemists, or mathematicians required to aid him in attack. From stage to stage of experiment, he and his staff are in conference. With no regard to cost or trouble he moves steadily to victory, or comes to clear proof that an attempted battle is not worth winning.

Among the successes thus achieved is the phonograph, which Edison considers his chief creation. It came as the logical result of his automatic recorder of telegrams. He says:

"In 1877 I had worked out satisfactorily an instrument which would not only record telegrams by indenting a strip of paper with dots and dashes of the Morse code, but would also repeat a message any number of times at any rate of speed required. I was then experimenting with the telephone also, and my mind was filled with theories of sound vibrations and their transmission by diaphragms. Naturally enough, the idea occurred to me: If the indentations on paper could be made to give forth the click of the instrument, why should not the vibrations of a diaphragm be recorded and similarly reproduced? I rigged up an instrument hastily, and pulled a strip of paper through it, at the same time shouting, 'Hallo.' Then the paper was pulled through again, my friend, Batchelor, and I listening breathlessly. We heard a distinct sound, which a strong imagination might have translated into the original 'Hallo.'"

Long before that memorable day Scott, and other inventors, had coated glass or metal plates with lampblack, and there obliged sound-waves to trace their paths. Edison adopted yielding paper, and there bade these waves dig a channel, instead of merely marking a superficial line. That channel became a means of repeating every sound-wave that had been said or sung into the paper. Of course, at first this echo was muffled and uncertain. Results were much better when tinfoil took the place of paper. Today, at the end of many improvements, the impressed cylinder is of wax: in a length of six inches it receives 1,200 words from a sapphire point vibrating from a mica diaphragm. Every syllable and tone is reproduced with marvelous verity and fulness as another sapphire, tipped as a ball, runs along the waxen channel, vibrating a thin, corrugated diaphragm of copper. In its present form this instrument is in wide and growing use for business correspondence. A merchant, a banker, speaks into its tube at his convenience. A clerk, at a second and reproducing machine, afterward listens to the record and typewrites it for the post-office. In education the phonograph is just as valuable. It utters words, in English or other tongues, for the behoof of students; it repeats, as often as desired, a lesson in engineering or other science. Could scholars but agree on a standard pronunciation of the English language, the phonograph stands ready to give them a means of unvarying reference for future years.

Next to the phonograph in Edison's honor roll comes his incandescent lamp. This invention most severely tested his courage and endurance, his unmatched suggestiveness of mind. In October, 1879, after repeated failures, he produced a lamp that lasted longer than a single day, assuring him that success lay within his grasp. From comparing threads of many kinds he felt certain that a vegetable fiber, duly treated, would be the best light-giver. He accordingly despatched William Moore to China and Japan in quest of every promising variety of bamboo. From these he chose a

filament uniform in quality and fairly durable. Art followed nature. Further investigation showed that cellulose squirted through a tiny orifice, and suitably treated, was preferable to bamboo. That his lamp might become popular, many accessories were required. Edison provided an electrical generator, and a three-wire mode of transmission which greatly reduced the amount of needed copper. He adopted and improved new methods of exhausting his bulbs, of introducing their platinum wires, of sealing and testing each lamp for service. He mapped electric lighting as a whole, and supplied every detailed need with unfailing originality. Today his lamp is undergoing eclipse because tungsten glows more brightly and cheaply than carbon. But in the history of illumination Edison has written a noble chapter. Those who now go beyond him do so because he broke ground for them and made straight their paths.

As far back as 1883 Edison began applying electricity to transportation. His first locomotive is perhaps the most uncouth model that ever left his shops; and yet it ran at a lively speed around his experimental track. The field was entered by other inventors and Edison, drawn away by tasks that promised better rewards, is not among the men who have created electric railroading. But for years past he has worked at a storage battery to propel road vehicles cheaply and well, with the minimum of weight. Never has he faced a tougher problem. We enter his laboratory at Orange: there is a zinc rod, let us say, dissolving in an acid solution, and yielding an electric current. Nearby is a plating tank, where a second zinc rod is being deposited from a solution, by virtue of just such a current as that flowing from the first rod. It would seem easy for such a man as Edison, to contrive a cell which should first dissolve a metal and give forth a current; then redeposit that metal as a like current enters its solution. But the two processes, simple though they appear, are intricate in the extreme; they do not match one another at all. We can readily freeze water, and

as readily thaw the resulting ice in a direct reversal. Chemical energy, however, does not move in straight lines of this kind, but in labyrinths to be threaded only in one direction. To offer a homely comparison: a very little heat will fry an egg, but what Arctic cold could unfry that egg and restore its complex albumens to their first estate? Last October when I called on Mr. Edison I found him busy in experiments on his new storage cells. He had been using cobalt and nickel-iron, immersed in an alkaline liquid. Cobalt had risen to a prohibitory price, so he was testing a substitute, excellent in promise. He said:

"These new cells will weigh fifty-three pounds for each horse-power developed one hour; so that a battery of 530 pounds will afford two horse-power for five hours, or any equivalent desired. Just when nobody uses an electric truck or runabout, say betwixt midnight and six in the morning, power-houses have nothing to do and are glad to re-charge vehicle batteries at low prices. Thus a user all day virtually draws upon a central station as cheaply as if he were connected with it by a trolley wire. I expect my new batteries to run as long as 30,000 hours before they need be thrown away."

Edison's career has not been a series of unbroken triumphs. Many a model, a child of hope and promise, has he at last had to fling on the scrapheap. In one notable case he has turned a failure to a handsome profit. Close to his laboratory is his factory for phonographs. This huge building, floored, walled and roofed in concrete, is as much a unit as if it were a single brick without seam or chink. It stands a monument to a victory born of defeat. Near Edison's home in New Jersey are vast deposits of iron. These are so abundant that though thin in metal he decided, about ten years ago, to begin their reduction. He straightway invented pulverizers of new effectiveness. Their streams of dust were let fall close to powerful magnets; these deflected the iron particles just enough to bring them into a chute of their own. But Edison had not reckoned with the rich ores of the Mesaba range, easily excavated from surface deposits at a few cents a ton. Did he, in



despair, cast his pulverizers into the melting pot? No. He bade them grind cement in so fine a powder that it produces a concrete of unsurpassed strength. He shows, in a large model, a well designed villa which may be cheaply duplicated a thousand times from metal patterns. Its concrete may be readily poured and finished within but twelve hours.

This man is much more than a great inventor. As far as mortal can, he keeps abreast with the swift strides of science, physical and chemical, botanical and medical. Two years ago, when I paid him my respects, he pointed to a group of radio-active minerals placed on photographic paper.

"This radium is giving old-fashioned ideas a knock, isn't it? Here is an element that changes its identity, shatters each of its atoms into a thousand fragments, and stays two degrees warmer than its surroundings all the time. Talk about coming to the limits of knowledge! Why, we are scarcely on the threshold; we've just begun to suspect a few things, that's all!"

Last October, when I told him that I had just seen beautiful photographs in natural colors in the new Lumiere plates, he said: "I want a dozen of those plates for experiment as soon as Lumiere can send them. I wonder how red will come out of them, red has always given most trouble in color photography."

A totally different field of labor has his keenest interest and sympathy. There is probably no one in America, outside of the medical profession, who more closely follows the work of Dr. Wright, Dr. Ross, and other great physicians, in banishing with vaccines and antitoxins malaria and typhoid, consumption and cancer. And how does he find time for all this reading of books, technical papers, "proceedings" so repellent to ordinary men? For such leisure as he enjoys he has to thank his deafness. He is so cheery and lovable, so fascinating a talker, that were his hearing normal his friends would never for a moment let him sink into his reading chair. But debarred from all society but that of his family, denied the theater, the concert room, and the lecture hall, he reads as if he were a student working for an examination.



# The True Story of a Bohemian Pioneer

By Emily Greene Balch

**I** was a little girl when we came to America. My father had been a poor man in Bohemia, and one day a neighbor, a well-to-do farmer, came to him and said that he wanted to go to America but that he knew no German (which he regarded as indispensable for the journey) and that if my father, who could speak German, would come with him and help him he would pay his expenses. So it was arranged that way. We got as far as Manitowoc, on the Wisconsin shores of Lake Michigan, where there was a large Bohemian settlement and there our farmer decided that he could shift for himself and left us. We sat there on the dock by the lakeside, my father, my mother, my little brother and myself without one cent among us.

"Well, we got along somehow. I went to school and learned to read, progressing as far as the Fourth Reader, and father saved a little money. At that time Nebraska, which was not admitted as a state till later, in 1867, was attracting settlers and my father decided to migrate from Wisconsin to Nebraska territory.

"We started in the autumn of 1866 with a little party of Bohemian families. I was eight years old then and my brother several years younger. My father had eight hundred dollars to make a start with and it seemed a great deal to us, but no other of the families had so little.

"We got as far as Saint Joseph on the Missouri River, just south of the Nebraska line, and there my father was persuaded by a blacksmith with whom he had made friends to stay over the winter. This was very good advice and if any of the party had been more experienced they would not have started till spring in the first place.

"So we stayed at Saint Joe where the traces of the

war were still to be seen—remnants of the fortifications, and chain and other debris on the bank where they had been shot from across the river. But the other families went on into Nebraska that fall and got themselves established in a provisional way. But that was all they could do; it was too late to start any farming and the men, all except one cripple, came back and wintered at Saint Joe, where they could get employment, leaving their families on the prairies in the sod houses with the one crippled man.

"Also, by the blacksmith's advice, my father bought a pair of oxen, *good ones*, which proved to be an excellent investment and far more serviceable than the old army horses that the others bought. The horses were cheap, but they turned out to be quite useless; they always balked and finally, when we got to our destination, they ran away. Father also bought my brother a good little Indian pony.

"When spring came we started out again and traveled some weeks. The women and children slept in the wagon and the men under it. Going up hill father would fasten the pony on ahead of the oxen to help them up.

"When we got to the Blue River father said: 'According to the map my land should be across there, as I figure it out,' and he was right. We looked about for our neighbors but we could see nothing. Then we heard a cock crow, but still we could see no house, for we were not used to sod houses. At last we found a bridge of felled tree trunks leading across the river to our neighbor's home.

"In those days men either built their houses of sods piled up on the flat prairie or else made dug-outs in the bank of the river. At first we lived in an old dug-out already made, later we made quite a nice one for ourselves. It was tall enough to stand up straight in and the earth sides were whitewashed, but for some time we had no door, having nothing to make one of. Once, that first summer, my father had gone to break some land for a neighbor twelve miles away and had taken my brother with him so that my mother

and I were left alone and there came up a fearful storm. That was while we still had no door. In these days when you were driving across the prairie in the dark, you had to be careful not to break through into people's dug-outs. Heavy rains made trouble. Water would leak in and sometimes rats and snakes would come through. As soon as they could the settlers would get into houses made of logs plastered with mud.

"Our oxen proved of the greatest advantage to us when it came to 'breaking prairie.' Horses were not strong enough for that work. Father not only used the oxen himself, but loaned them for nothing to the neighbors. In those days all were the best of friends. It was all for one and one for all. Father also made money with his oxen, 'breaking prairie' for American farmers. When new emigrants came out father would go to Nebraska City, sixty-four miles away, to fetch them with his oxen. It took him four days. He had trained them to run and they went fast. So in more ways than one our oxen helped us to get a start. Later father also broke steers himself for use and this was very profitable.

"At first there were many kinds of hardships. The climate was much worse then than it is now. In winter big blizzards would come and last a week, now we never have them more than a day and night at a time. In summer there were hot winds such as we have not had now for years and terrible droughts. In those days there were no trees except along the banks of the rivers. As the country has got settled up and trees planted all about and especially as the prairie has been ploughed up and cultivated and fields of alfalfa sown it has made a great difference. The hot winds are said to start in the prairie country; it just breeds them.

"One winter, I think that it was the first year, father went to Beatrice, about twenty miles away, with the yoke of oxen and the wagon and nine bushels of wheat. We had

had one big fall of snow before he started but soon after another big storm came and he was kept away a week. He had been afraid of what was coming but the neighbors laughed at him. Mother was almost wild when he did not come back. The snow was so deep that where the creek ordinarily was now there was a hill of snow. She went to a neighbor and wanted him to go and look for father, but he had no boots that he could go in. Mother had barely come back to the house to get him a pair when father got home with just the oxen and what he called a 'smick.' He brought nothing with him, but he was glad enough to get back at all. The oxen had refused to face the storm (they never will) and had turned around and broken everything. So he had come home as he was, leaving the things in care of a man that he knew who lived near the place where it happened, which was twelve miles off. Mother decided to go back with him to fetch what he had left, leaving me at home alone. Another storm came up and they could not get back for four days. I was only nine years old. After a time I had eaten up all the bread and burned all the wood. I had sense enough to make my way to the river and follow up on the ice to a neighbor's. A woman came back with me and chopped wood for me. Then father and mother got home. They had been only twelve miles off and had expected to return right away, but it had been impossible.

"In the spring when all that snow came off at once and rain came besides it made a flood. The land was under water for miles. Everybody had to move out, up on to a hill. The mills could not grind and there was not enough to eat. We used flour mixed with shorts. We gave away almost everything. Mr. H., a well-to-do neighbor, came and borrowed a little corn meal.

"That summer we had nothing. The pony ran away and was gone seven weeks. The oxen were used to his leading and would not plough without him. Father went

to hunt for him and when he returned he was so worn and changed that we did not know him. We got the pony back, but he was ruined and we sold him for twenty-five dollars. We had no money and nothing to eat. We did have plenty of clothes; we had brought those with us. Many, who had not, used sacking. One time we had nothing but corn meal, not even salt, and we could not swallow it. Mr. V. came once and spent a week with us. He had brought all sorts of things with him and he laughed at us. He had raisins and prunes and so forth. Next year he was in the same straits that we were. He had spent all his money and no more came in.

"Now-a-days settlers have a very different experience. It is not at all so hard. They can earn money and buy things and there are railroad facilities. In those days work was often paid for with an order on the store. In 1868 the Northwestern Railroad came to Omaha and other lines soon came to nearby points, but at first there was nothing of the sort. Once father carried a bushel of corn for his chickens ten miles on his back.

"Even worse than the blizzards and floods were the plagues of locusts which came later. We had then in '69 or '70, but at that time they were not so bad here and did not do so much damage as when they came again. In '74 they were much worse and in '75 they hatched here. They have never been so bad since. We heard a sound and it grew dark and we thought that a storm was coming. The sun was hidden. We thought that it was the end of the world. Then they began to come down. In one hour they had eaten everything, even the tobacco. They bent down little trees with their weight. They were so thick on the ground that when we took a step they were over our ankles and our feet made holes, like footprints in the snow. The river was covered with them so that in some places we could not see the water. They would eat the paint off a house and chew up lace curtains. Sometimes they were so thick

on the rails that they stopped the trains. The masses of them in the river made a terrible smell afterwards, but it did not seem to cause any sickness.

"In those days Indians used often come through. They were Omahas and Pawnees and they used to visit one another annually, by turns. Sometimes there would be five hundred in a party. They went in single file, five or ten paces apart, at a sort of a little trot. It was the government's orders that, to avoid trouble, they were not to go in a bunch. They would gather, however, to camp. They would be two or three days going through. Some traveled on foot but the squaws were mostly on ponies with crossed sticks trailing behind, with the children and goods loaded on the middle. The sticks were young trees and they were fastened with the brush of their tops dragging, which made them springy and elastic. The Indians then were superior to those that we see now-a-days. They looked livelier and were better dressed.

"Often, when you least expected it, you would suddenly find a big Indian standing beside you. Shivers went right through a person. They had a regular snaky walk. They would come up and ask for a little flour or want to swap something, but they never bothered. They were all right if they were treated right. Some people treated them mean and would not give them anything so of course they suffered. If an Indian got mad or excited he did not care what he did. If we gave one a chicken we just pointed it out in the bunch and he shot it with an arrow. Once my brother wanted a pretty whip that one of them had and gave him a dog and a pair of shoes for it. (A dog the Indians would kill at once and eat.) The Indian said my brother could have the whip, but that first he wanted to carry it with him on his visit and that he would leave it on his return. My brother did not feel that he could make any objection, but he did not expect to see the whip again. On the return, however, the Indian brought it.

"I grew up a very strong girl. I did all sorts of work, even to breaking prairie, which is hard work for a man. Once I was ploughing with the girl that my brother married. I was managing the oxen while she held the plough. After a time she said that it was too hard work, she could not hold the plough into the soil. So we changed work, but she was not used to the oxen and said *gee* when she should have said *haw* and they broke and ran. After that she held the plough. Another time she wanted to ride the mare. I told her that she did not know how, but she insisted and was thrown and a good deal hurt.

"Two separate times I was bitten by a rattlesnake. There was no doctor and we did what we could. It was a week before I could put my foot to the ground.

"I do not know why my father never taught me to read Bohemian. In the evenings he used to read aloud to us in Bohemian and I knew my English reader almost by heart. But it was not till after my marriage that I taught myself to read Bohemian. It was not difficult, as I could speak it and the spelling is perfectly regular when once you understand the system. After my marriage I was delicate for a time. I suffered from my early overwork and exposure. I had leisure and read much in English and Bohemian.

This, as nearly as I can repeat it, is the story told me by a pleasant-voiced, middle-aged woman in the soft twilight of a recent Fourth of July. Out on the lawn her son was setting off fireworks to amuse an adopted grandchild. Indoors her husband, also a Bohemian, the well-to-do owner of grist mills on the near-by river which had figured in her story, was reading his paper. Everything spoke of peace and plenty. I thought of the attractive, well-built town, with its churches, country court, "opera house" and pretty Bohemian cemetery and wondered what it must feel like to have seen such changes and to have been oneself so active an instrument in bringing about the development from prairie wilderness to tamed and civilized settlement.



## The Vesper Hour\*

By Chancellor John H. Vincent.

**W**HEN the old pastor came he at once captured the heart of the new. He won at once. The writer of these lines sees him now as he saw him then—fifty-five years ago. He was a Saxon with fair complexion, light hair, blue eyes and a voice, ah that voice! He that once heard it could ever forget its depth and strength and sweetness and a certain quality of authority in it that made one remember Him of whom it was said, "And he spake with authority." Henry Hurd was a thinker. He had read widely. And he had spent some time with Dr. Jackson of Glen Haven Water Cure where he had been initiated into a school of thought the entire creed of which he did not accept but certain emphases of which exerted a great influence over him: The relation of the material to the spiritual, the harmony between them, the religion of physical health, the symbolism of nature, the revelation of spiritual verities in all material things, reality of law in spiritual life—law like the laws of matter in the realm material, God's ways in the spirit of man, like his ways in the body and in the wide fields of the physical universe. God is immanent; not yonder only, but yonder and here; and His ways are uniform and trustworthy, as are His ways in the outer and physical world. And to Hurd the words "God is love" meant all that the words could mean of divine care and sympathy and patience and unremitting, unfailing affection. God is a mother with all that mother can mean. God is a Father-Mother and a Mother-Father. No figure of human speech can adequately convey to the human soul all that God is of sympathy and compassion. And with all this, God is absolutely holy. As holy he regards sin with infinite loathing and the sinner with unmeasured and im-

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\*The Vesper Hour, contributed to THE CHAUTAUQUAN each month by Chancellor Vincent, continues the ministries of Chautauqua's Vesper Service throughout the year.



measurable compassion. And the problem of problems is how to allure the free and responsible souls of men to the choice; in lowly spheres of life we often find men and women of rare ability or possessing a noble and exalted type of character which entitles them to a high place in our esteem as we seek actual illustrations of either genius or virtue. Sometimes the two are in charming fashion blended.

As we devote the Vesper readings of the current season to biographical illustration of great moral and spiritual qualities of character it may be profitable to go back of the libraries and to take from the field of real and every day life at least one name unknown to fame.

In the early life of the writer of these lines there appeared in a country neighborhood in New Jersey a fair faced, tall, graceful, and attractive personality who came to the neighborhood on a visit. He had in former years been a pastor of the little church of which the writer of these lines was at that time in charge. The name of Henry Hurd was on everybody's tongue. Nearly every day some parishioner or some citizen not connected with the church would speak of Henry Hurd. In the official board it was not unusual to quote the habit or opinion or policy of Mr. Hurd. Sometimes it was "Brother Hurd," but usually they spoke of "Henry Hurd." The pastor for the time being of that little country church was bound to hear of his predecessor—his way of doing things, something he had said in the pulpit or in his private conversations. The reputation of this remarkable man made the successor eager to become personally acquainted with him. It was easy to start a correspondence, to extend an invitation and to secure a visit from the man who had stolen the hearts of these earnest country folks. He loved the true, the beautiful and the good. Without lowering the sense of obligation and the peril of persistent resistance Hurd put such emphasis upon both the divine love and the divine holiness that men

forgot personal peril in their longing for conformity to the divine ideal.

Henry Hurd was as insistent upon the care of the body and the observance of physical law as he was of spiritual conformities. He believed in *this* life. He would make earth heaven. He would make every home a type of heaven and so accustom the believer to habits of normal physical, intellectual, social, and spiritual life as to make this present world and this present individual life a real foretaste of the life everlasting.

Henry Hurd passed into the life invisible in the late fifties. His death was a translation. His was on the whole the most beautiful character I ever knew. And next to that of my own mother the most impressive and effective in its confirmation of my faith in the reality of a spiritual world in the very heart of which we are living every day and the richest results of which we lose through lack of a childish faith in the teachings of the Holy Scriptures.

Well will it be for us if we devote ourselves daily to the cultivation of the spiritual life, the life of reverent love for God and fellowship with him, the life of sympathetic love for men and earnest effort for their good.



Gifford Pinchot, Forester of the United States Department of  
Agriculture.







Professor Albert A. Michelson, Winner of the Nobel Prize for  
Physics and the Copley Medal.

## Professor Albert A. Michelson

Two of the greatest honors that it is possible to confer upon a scientist were recently granted almost simultaneously to Professor Albert A. Michelson, Head of the Department of Physics in the University of Chicago. The first of these, the Copley medal of the Royal Society of England, given Professor Michelson for his study of light, is esteemed by scientists as the greatest prize in the scientific world. It has been granted to but one other American, Professor Simon Newcomb, the famous astronomer.

While Professor Michelson was upon the Atlantic on his way to London the Swedish Academy of Science announced that the Nobel prize for work in Physics had also been awarded Professor Michelson, who found it necessary to continue his journey from London to Christiania to receive this latest honor. The Nobel prize is a cash award of something over \$37,000. President Roosevelt has received the only previous Nobel prize conferred on an American, the peace award for his work as mediator in the late Russo-Japanese war.

Professor Michelson is regarded by scientists as the foremost investigator in the problem of light. In his study of this branch of physical science Professor Michelson has invented a number of marvellous scientific instruments which are of great value in measuring and recording light waves. By means of his inventions Professor Michelson was enabled to measure exactly the wave length of light, a discovery which is of the utmost value in the science of physics. Other of his work of almost equal importance has been the analysis of lines in the metallic spectra.

Professor Michelson was born in Strelno, Germany, in 1852, and early came to the United States. He was educated in San Francisco and at the United States Naval Academy. He later studied in various foreign universities. He resigned from the navy in 1881, and has held chairs of

## Gifford Pinchot

physics in Case Scientific School, Clark University, and since 1892, the University of Chicago. He is a member of many scientific societies and has received many honorary degrees and other academic distinctions.

## Gifford Pinchot

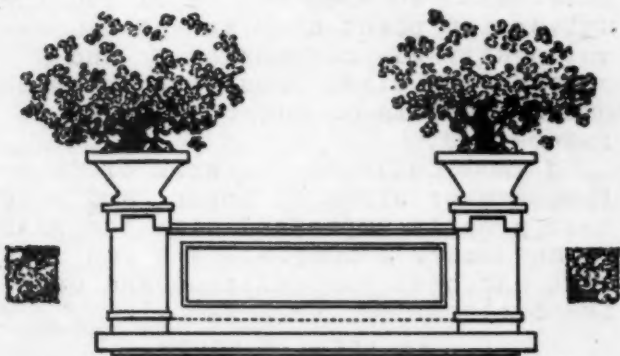
**T**HE severity of the impending timber famine which seriously threatens the United States as a result of a century of misuse of our immense forests will be mitigated by the work of one man, Gifford Pinchot, Chief of the Forest Service of the United States. Mr. Pinchot is the first man in this country to devote himself entirely to the scientific study of forestry. To this end he has investigated the forestry methods of various European countries and has established for our government a forestry department which seeks to place the preservation of our timber resources on a scientific and common-sense basis.

The immense losses due annually to floods are traceable entirely to a shortsighted policy of stripping the watersheds of the forests which absorb the rains and regulate the water flow of rivers. Without these vast natural reservoirs the spring rains flow at once into the rivers and cause dangerous and costly floods such as that suffered by Pittsburg last spring. It becomes necessary, therefore, that the government devote itself to the protection of the forests which have not yet been destroyed and to the creation of others at vital points. Under the expert guidance of Mr. Pinchot backed by the power of President Roosevelt this policy has for some years been pursued despite the shortsighted and selfish opposition of various Senators and Congressmen. Many of the Western forests have become national reserves, thus conserving water supplies for irrigation purposes. In the East some replanting has been done, the first steps in a work which must require much greater attention in the near future.



The Forestry Service organized by Mr. Pinchot is yet in its infancy for Congress grants the needed money with a niggardly hand. But the work that has been done is along the right lines and credit for the immense saving to the nation effected with limited resources of men and money must be rightly accorded the present chief of the Forest Service.

The father of Gifford Pinchot, James W. Pinchot, is keenly interested in his son's work and has endowed a School of Forestry at Yale University. Graduates from this school enter the Government service in many instances, thus increasing the small body of adequately trained men whose work is already of vital importance to our national prosperity, both agricultural and commercial.



**Greeting to C. L. S. C. Readers from President  
James of the University of Illinois.**

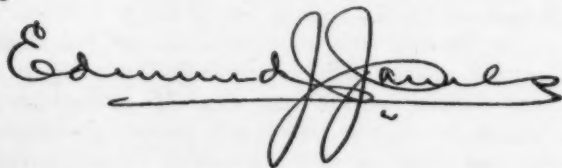
Professor George E. Vincent,  
University of Chicago  
Chicago, Illinois

My dear Mr. President,

College and university men are coming, I believe, to appreciate the work of such organizations as the Chautauqua Institution, very much in proportion as they look into them carefully and make themselves acquainted in detail with the quality and extent of the work done. All generous and open-minded university men rejoice in every evidence that people who have not had the opportunity to attend the university are interested in what may be called the university point of view and the university way of looking at and considering vital questions in which our society is or ought to be interested.

I have followed the work of Chautauqua ever since it began, and have been greatly impressed with the work it has done. I congratulate you upon what has been accomplished and upon the outlook for the future.

Faithfully yours,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Edmund James". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned below the typed name. It features a long, horizontal flourish extending to the right.



## The Purloined Letter

By Edgar Allan Poe.

At Paris, just after dark one gusty evening in the autumn of 18—, I was enjoying the two-fold luxury of meditation and a meerschaum, in company with my friend, C. Auguste Dupin, in his little back library, or book closet, *au troisième*, No. 33, Rue Dunôt, Faubourg St. Germain. For one hour at least we had maintained a profound silence; while each, to any casual observer, might have seemed intently and exclusively occupied with the curling eddies of smoke that oppressed the atmosphere of the chamber. For myself, however, I was mentally discussing certain topics which had formed matter for conversation between us at an earlier period of the evening; I mean the affair of the Rue Morgue, and the mystery attending the murder of Marie Roget. I looked upon it, therefore, as something of a coincidence, when the door of our apartment was thrown open and admitted our old acquaintance, Monsieur G—, the Prefect of the Parisian police.

We gave him a hearty welcome; for there was nearly half as much of the entertaining as of the contemptible about the man, and we had not seen him for several years. We had seen sitting in the dark, and Dupin now arose for the purpose of lighting a lamp, but sat down again, without doing so, upon G.'s saying that he had called to consult us, or rather to ask the opinion of my friend, about some official business which had occasioned a great deal of trouble.

"If it is any point requiring reflection," observed Dupin, as he forbore to enkindle the wick, "we shall examine it to better purpose in the dark."

"That is another of your odd notions," said the Prefect, who had a fashion of calling everything "Odd" that was beyond his comprehension, and thus lived amid an absolute legion of "Oddities."

"Very true," said Dupin, as he supplied his visitor with a pipe, and rolled towards him a comfortable chair.

"And what is the difficulty now?" I asked. "Nothing more in the assassination way, I hope?"

"Oh, no; nothing of that nature. The fact is, the business is very simple indeed, and I make no doubt that we can manage it sufficiently well ourselves: but then I thought Dupin would like to hear the details of it because it is so excessively *odd*."

"Simple and odd," said Dupin.

"Why, yes; and not exactly that either. The fact is, we have all been a good deal puzzled because the affair is so simple, and yet baffles us altogether."

"Perhaps it is the very simplicity of the thing which puts you at fault," said my friend.

"What nonsense you *do* talk!" replied the Prefect, laughing heartily.

"Perhaps the mystery is a little too plain," said Dupin.

"Oh, good heavens! whoever heard of such an idea?"

"A little too self-evident."

"Ha! ha! ha-ha! ha! ha!-ho! ho! ho!" roared our visitor, profoundly amused, "oh Dupin, you will be the death of me yet!"

"And what, after all, is the matter on hand?" I asked.

"Why, I will tell you," replied the Prefect, as he gave a long steady and contemplative puff, and settled himself in his chair. "I will tell you in a few words; but before I begin, let me caution you that this is an affair demanding the greatest secrecy, and that I should most probably lose the position I now hold, were it known that I confided it to anyone."

"Proceed," said I.

"Or not," said Dupin.

"Well, then; I have received personal information, from a very high quarter, that a certain document of the last importance has been purloined from the royal apartments. The individual who purloined it is known; this beyond a doubt; he was seen to take it. It is known, also, that it still remains in his possession."

"How is this known?" asked Dupin.

"It is clearly inferred," replied the Prefect, "from the nature of the document, and from the non-appearance of certain results which would at once arise from its passing out of the robber's possession;—that is to say, from his employing it as he must design in the end to employ it."

"Be a little more explicit," I said.

"Well, I may venture so far as to say that the paper gives its holder a certain power in a certain quarter where such power is immensely valuable." The Prefect was fond of the cant of diplomacy.

"Still I do not quite understand," said Dupin.

"No? Well; the disclosure of the document to a third person, who shall be nameless, would bring in question the honor of a personage of most exalted station; and this fact gives the holder of the document an ascendancy over the illustrious personage whose honor and peace are so jeopardized."

"But this ascendancy," I interposed, "would depend upon the robber's knowledge of the loser's knowledge of the robber. Who would dare—"

"The thief," said G., "is the Minister D—, who dares all things, those unbecoming as well as those becoming a man. The method of the theft was not less ingenious than bold. The document in question—a letter to be frank—had been received by the personage robbed while alone in the royal *boudoir*. During its perusal she was suddenly interrupted by the entrance of the other exalted personage from whom especially it was her wish to conceal it. After a hurried and vain endeavor to thrust it in a drawer, she was forced to place it, open as it was, upon a table. The address, however, was uppermost, and, the contents thus unexposed, the letter escaped notice. At this juncture enters the Minister

D——. His lynx eye immediately perceives the paper, recognizes the handwriting of the address, observes the confusion of the personage addressed, and fathoms her secret. After some business transactions, hurried through in his ordinary manner, he produces a letter somewhat similar to the one in question, opens it, pretends to read it, and then places it in close juxtaposition to the other. Again he converses, for some fifteen minutes, upon the public affairs. At length, in taking leave, he takes also from the table the letter to which he had no claim. Its rightful owner saw, but, of course, dared not call attention to the act, in the presence of the third personage who stood at her elbow. The Minister decamped, leaving his own letter—one of no importance—upon the table."

"Here, then," said Dupin to me, "you have precisely what you demand to make the ascendancy complete—the robber's knowledge of the loser's knowledge of the robber."

"Yes," replied the Prefect, "and the power thus attained has, for some months past, been wielded, for political purposes, to a very dangerous extent. The personage robbed is more thoroughly convinced every day, of the necessity of reclaiming her letter. But this, of course, cannot be done openly. In fine, driven to despair, she has committed the matter to me."

"Than whom," said Dupin, amid a perfect whirlwind of smoke, "no more sagacious agent could, I suppose, be desired, or even imagined."

"You flatter me," replied the Prefect; "but it is possible that some such opinion may have been entertained."

"It is clear," said I, "as you observe, that the letter is still in the possession of the Minister; since it is this possession, and not any employment of the letter, which bestows the power. With the employment the power departs."

"True," said G.; "and upon this conviction I proceeded. My first care was to make thorough search of the Minister's hotel; and here my chief embarrassment lay in the necessity of searching without his knowledge. Beyond all things I have been warned of the danger which would result from giving him reason to suspect our design."

"But," said I, "you are quite *au fait* in these investigations. The Parsian police have done this thing often before."

"Oh, yes; and for this reason I did not despair. The habits of the Minister gave me, too, a great advantage. He is frequently absent from home all night. His servants are by no means numerous. They sleep at a distance from their master's apartment, and, being chiefly Neapolitans, are readily made drunk. I have keys, as you know, with which I can open any chamber or cabinet in Paris. For three months a night has not passed, during the greater part of which I have not been engaged, personally, in ransacking the D—— Hotel. My honor is interested, and, to mention a greater secret, the reward is enormous. So I did not abandon the search until I had become fully satisfied that the thief is a more astute man than myself. I fancy that I have investigated every nook and corner of the premises in which it is possible that the paper can be concealed."

"But is it not possible," I suggested, "that although the latter may be in possession of the Minister, as it unquestionably is, he

may have concealed it elsewhere than upon his own premises?"

"This is barely possible," said Dupin. "The present peculiar condition of affairs at Court, and especially of those intrigues in which D— is known to be involved, would render the instant availability to the document—its susceptibility of being produced at a moment's notice—a point of nearly equal importance with its possession."

"Its susceptibility of being produced?" said I.

"That is to say, of being *destroyed*," said Dupin.

"True," I observed; "the paper is clearly then upon the premises. As for its being upon the person of the Minister, we may consider that as out of the question."

"Entirely," said the Prefect. "He has been twice waylaid, as if by footpads, and his person rigorously searched under my own inspection."

"You might have spared yourself this trouble," said Dupin. "D—, I presume, is not altogether a fool, and, if not, must have anticipated these waylayings, as a matter of course."

"Not *altogether* a fool," said G., "but then he's a poet, which I take to be only one remove from a fool."

"True," said Dupin, after a long and thoughtful whiff from his meerschau, "although I have been guilty of certain doggerel myself."

"Suppose you detail," said I, "the particulars of your search."

"Why the fact is, we took our time, and we searched *everywhere*. I have had long experience in these affairs. I took the entire building, room by room; devoting the nights of a whole week to each. We examined first, the furniture of each apartment. We opened every possible drawer; and I suppose you know that to a properly trained police agent, such a thing as a *secret* drawer is impossible. Any man is a dolt who permits a 'secret' drawer to escape him in a search of this kind. The thing is *so* plain. There is a certain amount of bulk—of space—to be accounted for in every cabinet. Then we have accurate rules. The fiftieth part of a line could not escape us. After the cabinets we took the chairs. The cushions we probed with the long fine needles you have seen me employ. From the tables we removed the tops."

"Why so?"

"Sometimes the top of the table, or other similarly arranged piece of furniture, is removed by the person wishing to conceal an article; then the leg is excavated, the article deposited within the cavity, and the top replaced. The bottoms and tops of bed posts are employed in the same way."

"But could not the cavity be detected by sounding?" I asked.

"By no means, if, when the article is deposited, a sufficient wadding of cotton be placed around it. Besides, in our case, we were obliged to proceed without noise."

"But you could not have removed—you could not have taken to pieces all articles of furniture in which it would have been possible to make a deposit in the manner you mention. A letter may be compressed into a thin spiral roll, not differing much in shape or bulk from a large knitting needle, and in this form it might be inserted into the rung of a chair, for example. You did not take to pieces all the chairs?"

"Certainly not; but we did better—we examined the rungs of every chair in the hotel, and, indeed, the jointings of every description of furniture, by the aid of a most powerful microscope. Had there been any traces of recent disturbance, we should not have failed to detect it instantly. A single grain of gimlet-dust, for example, would have been as obvious as an apple. Any disorder in the glueing—any unusual gaping in the joints—would have sufficed to insure detection."

"I presume you looked to the mirrors between the boards and the plates, and you probed the beds and the bed clothes, as well as the curtains and carpets."

"That of course; and when we had absolutely completed every particle of the furniture in this way, then we examined the house itself. We divided its entire surface into compartments, which we numbered, so that none might be missed; then we scrutinized each individual square inch throughout the premises, including the two houses immediately adjoining, with the microscope, as before."

"The two house adjoining?" I exclaimed; "you must have had a great deal of trouble."

"We had; but the reward offered is prodigious."

"You include the grounds about the houses?"

"All the grounds are paved with brick. They gave us comparatively little trouble. We examined the moss between the bricks, and found it undisturbed."

"You looked among D——'s papers, of course, and into the books of the library?"

"Certainly; we opened every package and parcel; we not only opened every book, but we turned over every leaf in each volume, not contenting ourselves with a mere shake, according to the fashion of some of our police officers. We also measured the thickness of every book-cover, with the most accurate measurement, and applied to each the most jealous scrutiny of the microscope. Had any of the bindings been recently meddled with, it would have been utterly impossible that the fact should have escaped observation. Some five or six volumes, just from the hands of the binder, we carefully probed longitudinally, with the needles."

"You explored the floors beneath the carpets?"

"Beyond doubt. We removed every carpet, and examined the boards with the microscope."

"And the paper on the walls?"

"Yes."

"You looked into the cellars?"

"We did."

"Then," I said, "you have been making a miscalculation, and the letter is *not* upon the premises as you suppose."

"I fear you are right there," said the Prefect. "And now, Dupin, what would you advise me to do?"

"To make a thorough re-search of the premises."

"That is absolutely needless," replied G. "I am not more sure that I breathe than I am that the letter is not at the hotel."

"I have no better advice to give you," said Dupin. "You have, of course an accurate description of the letter?"

"Oh yes!" And here the Prefect, producing a memorandum-book, proceeded to read aloud a minute account of the internal



and especially of the external appearance of the missing document. Soon after finishing the perusal of this description, he took his departure, more entirely depressed in spirits than I had ever known the good gentleman before.

In about a month afterwards he paid us another visit, and found us occupied very nearly as before. He took a pipe and a chair and entered into some ordinary conversation. At length I said:

"Well, but G., what of the purloined letter? I presume you have at last made up your mind that there is no such thing as over-reaching the Minister?"

"Confound him, say I—yes; I made the re-examination, however, as Dupin suggested—but it was all labor lost, as I knew it would be."

"How much was the reward offered, did you say," asked Dupin.

"Why, a very great deal—a very liberal reward—I don't like to say how much, precisely; but one thing I will say, that I wouldn't mind giving my individual cheque for fifty thousand francs to anyone who could obtain me that letter. The fact is, it is becoming of more and more importance every day; and the reward has been lately doubled. If it were trebled, however, I could do no more than I have done."

"Why, yes," said Dupin, drawingly, between the whiffs of his meerschaum, "I really think, G., you have not exerted yourself to the utmost in the matter. You might do a little more, I think, eh?"

"How?—in what way?"

"Why—puff,—puff—you might—puff, puff—employ counsel in the matter, eh?—puff, puff, puff. Do you remember the story they tell of Abernethy?"

"No; hang Abernethy!"

"To be sure! hang him and welcome. But once upon a time a certain rich miser conceived the design of sponging upon this Abernethy for a medical opinion. Getting up, for this purpose, an ordinary conversation in a private company, he insinuated his case to the physician, as that of an imaginary individual.

"We will suppose," said the miser, 'that his symptoms are such and such; now, doctor, what would you have directed him to take?'

"Take!" said Abernethy, 'why take advice, to be sure.'"

"But," said the Prefect, a little discomposed, "I am *perfectly* willing to take advice, and to pay for it. I would *really* give fifty thousand francs to anyone who would aid me in the matter."

"In that case," replied Dupin, opening a drawer, and producing a cheque-book, "you may as well fill me up a cheque for the amount mentioned. When you have signed it, I will hand you the letter."

I was astounded. The Prefect appeared absolutely thunder-stricken. For some minutes he remained speechless and motionless, looking incredulously at my friend with open mouth, and eyes that seemed starting from their sockets; then, apparently recovering himself in some measure, he seized a pen, and after several pauses and vacant stares, finally filled up and signed a cheque for fifty thousand francs, and handed it across the table to Dupin. The latter examined it carefully and deposited it in his pocketbook; then,



unlocking an *escritoire*, took thence a letter and gave it to the Prefect. This functionary grasped it in a perfect agony of joy, opened it with a trembling hand, cast a rapid glance at its contents, and then, scrambling and struggling to the door, rushed at length unceremoniously from the room and from the house, without having uttered a syllable since Dupin had requested him to fill up the cheque.

When he had gone, my friend entered into some explanations. "The Parisian police," he said "are exceedingly able in their way. They are persevering, ingenious, cunning, and thoroughly versed in the knowledge which their duties seem chiefly to demand. Thus, when G. detailed to us his mode of searching the premises at the Hotel D—, I felt entire confidence in his having made a satisfactory investigation—so far as his labors extended."

"So far as his labors extended?" said I.

"Yes," said Dupin. "The measures adopted were not only the best of their kind, but carried out to absolute perfection. Had the letter been deposited within the range of their search, these fellows would, beyond a question, have found it."

I merely laughed—but he seemed quite serious in all that he said.

"The measures, then," he continued, "were good in their kind, and well executed; their defect lay in their being inapplicable to the case, and to the man. A certain set of highly ingenious resources are, with the Prefect, a sort of Procrustean bed, to which he forcibly adapts his designs. But he perpetually errs by being too deep or too shallow for the matter in hand; and many a school boy is a better reasoner than he. I knew one about eight years of age, whose success at guessing in the game of 'even and odd' attracted universal admiration. The game is simple, and is played with marbles. One player holds in his hand a number of these toys, and demands of another whether that number is even or odd. If the guess is right, the guesser wins one; if wrong, he loses one. The boy to whom I allude won all the marbles of the school. Of course he had some principle of guessing; and this lay in mere observation and admeasurement of the astuteness of his opponents. For example, an arrant simpleton is his opponent, and holding up his closed hand, asks, 'Are they even or odd?' Our schoolboy replies, 'Odd' and loses; but upon the second trial he wins for he then says to himself, 'The simpleton had them even upon his first trial, and his amount of skill is just sufficient to have them odd upon the second; I will therefore guess odd;' he guesses odd, and wins. Now, with a simpleton a degree above the first, he would have reasoned thus: 'This fellow finds that in the first instance I guessed odd, and, in the second, he will propose to himself, upon the first impulse, a simple variation from even to odd, as did the first simpleton; but then a second thought will suggest that this is too simple a variation, and finally he will decide upon putting it even as before. I will therefore guess 'even'—he guesses even, and wins. Now this mode of reasoning in the schoolboy, whom his fellows termed 'lucky,'—what, in its last analysis, is it?"

"It is merely," I said, "an identification of the reasoner's intellect with that of his opponent."

"It is," said Dupin; "and upon inquiring of the boy by what

means he effected the thorough identification in which his success consisted, I received answer as follows: 'When I wish to find out how wise, or how stupid, or how good or how wicked is anyone, or what are his thoughts at the moment, I fashion the expression of my face as accurately as possible, in accordance with the expression of his, and then wait to see what thoughts or sentiments arise in my mind or heart, as if to match or correspond with the expression.' This response of the schoolboy lies at the bottom of all the spurious profundity which has been attributed to Rochefoucault, to La Bougive, to Machiavelli, and to Campanella."

"And the identification," I said, "of the reasoner's intellect with that of his opponent, depends, if I understand you aright, upon the accuracy with which the opponent's intellect is admeasured."

"For its practical value depends upon this," replied Dupin. "And the Prefect and his cohort fail so frequently, first, by default of his identification, and, secondly, by ill-admeasurement, or rather through non-admeasurement of the intellect with which they are engaged. They consider only their own ideas of ingenuity; and, in searching for anything hidden, advert only to the modes in which they would have hidden it. They are right in this much—that their own ingenuity is a faithful representative of that of the mass: but when the cunning of the individual felon is diverse in character from their own, the felon foils them, of course. This always happens when it is above their own, and very usually when it is below. They have no variation of principle in their investigations; at best, when urged by some unusual emergency—by some extraordinary reward—they extend or exaggerate their old modes of practice, without touching their principles. What, for example, in this case of D—, has been done to vary the principle of action? what is all this boring and probing and sounding, and scrutinizing with the microscope, and dividing the surface of the building into registered square inches—what is it all but an exaggeration of the application of the one principle or set of principles of search, which are based upon the one set of notions regarding human ingenuity, to which the Prefect, in the long routine of his duty, has been accustomed? Do you not see that he has taken it for granted that all men proceed to conceal a letter,—not exactly in a gimlet hole bored in a chair leg—but, at least, in some out-of-the-way hole or corner suggested by the same tenor of thought which would urge a man to secrete a letter in a gimlet hole bored in a chair-leg? And do you not see also that such *recherchés* nooks for concealment are adapted only for ordinary occasions, and would be adopted only by ordinary intellects; for, in all cases of concealment, a disposal of the article concealed—a disposal of it in this *recherche* manner,—is, in the very first instance, presumable and presumed; and thus its discovery depends, not at all upon the acumen, but altogether upon the mere care, patience, and determination of the seekers; and where the case is of importance—or, what amounts to the same thing in the political eyes, when the reward is of magnitude,—the qualities in question have never been known to fail. You will now understand what I meant in suggesting that, had the purloined letter been hidden anywhere within the limits of the Prefect's examination in other words, had the principle of its concealment been comprehended within the principles of the Prefect—its discovery would have been a matter altogether beyond question. This functionary,

however, has been thoroughly mystified; and the remote source of his defeat lies in the supposition that the Minister is a fool, because he has acquired renown as a poet. All fools are poets; this the Prefect feels; and he is merely guilty of a *non distributio medii* in thence inferring that all poets are fools."

"But is this really a poet?" I asked. "There are two brothers, I know; and both have attained reputation in letters. The Minister, I believe, has written learnedly on the Differential Calculus. He is a mathematician and no poet."

"You are mistaken; I know him well; he is both. As poet and mathematician he would reason well; as mere mathematician, he could not have reasoned at all, and thus would have been at the mercy of the Prefect."

"You surprise me," I said, "by these opinions which have been contradicted by the voice of the world. You do not mean to set at naught the well-digested idea of centuries. The mathematical reason has long been regarded as *the reason par excellence*."

"*Il y a à parier,*" replied Dupin, quoting from Chamfort, "*que toute idée publique, toute convention recue, est une sottise, car elle a convenue au plus grand nombre.*" The mathematicians, I grant you, have done their best to promulgate the popular error to which you allude, and which is none the less an error for its promulgation as truth. With an art worthy of a better cause, for example, they have insinuated the term 'analysis' into application to algebra. The French are the originators of this particular deception; but if a term is of any importance—if words derive any value from applicability—then 'analysis' conveys 'algebra' about as much as, in Latin, 'ambitus' implies 'ambition,' 'religio' religion, or 'homines honesti,' a set of honorable men."

"You have a quarrel on hand, I see," said I, "with some of the algebraists of Paris; but proceed."

"I dispute the availability, and thus the value, of that reason which is cultivated in any especial form other than the abstractly logical. I dispute, in particular, the reason educed by mathematical study. The mathematics are the science of form and quantity; mathematical reasoning is merely logic applied to observation upon form and quantity. The great error lies in supposing that even the truths of what is called pure algebra, are abstract or general truths. And this error is so egregious that I am confounded at the universality with which it has been received. Mathematical axioms are not axioms of general truth. What is true of relation—of form and quantity—is often grossly false in regard to morals, for example. In this latter science it is very usually untrue that the aggregated parts are equal to the whole. In chemistry also, the axiom fails. In the consideration of motives it fails; for two motives, each of a given value, have not, necessarily, a value when united, equal to the sum of their values apart. There are numerous other mathematical truths which are only truths within the limits of relation. But the mathematician argues, from his finite truths through habit, as if they were of an absolutely general applicability—as the world indeed imagines them to be. Bryant, in his very learned 'Mythology,' mentions an analagous source of error, when he says that 'although the Pagan fables are not believed, yet we forget ourselves continually and make inference from them as existing reali-

ties.' With the algebraists, however, who are Pagans themselves, the 'Pagan fables' are believed, and the inferences are made, not so much through lapse of memory, as through an unaccountable addling of the brains. In short, I never yet encountered the mere mathematician who could be trusted out of equal roots, or one who did not clandestinely hold it as a point of his faith that  $x^2$  plus  $px$  was absolutely and unconditionally equal to  $q$ . Say one of these gentlemen, by way of experiment, if you please, that you believe occasions may occur where  $x^2$  plus  $px$  is not altogether equal to  $q$ , and having made him understand what you mean, get out of his reach as speedily as convenient, for, beyond doubt, he will endeavor to knock you down.

"I mean to say," continued Dupin, while I merely laughed at his last observations, "that if the Minister had been no more than a mathematician, the Prefect would have been under no necessity of giving me this cheque. I knew him, however, as both a mathematician and poet, and my measures were adapted to this capacity, with reference to the circumstances by which he was surrounded. I knew him as a courtier, too, and as a bold intrigant. Such a man, I considered, could not fail to be aware of the ordinary political modes of action. He could not have failed to anticipate—and events have proved that he did not fail to anticipate—the waylayings to which he was subjected. He must have foreseen, I reflected, the secret investigations of his premises. His frequent absences from home at night, which were hailed by the Prefect as certain aids to his success, I regarded as only ruses, to afford opportunity for thorough search to the police, and thus the sooner to impress them with the conviction to which G., in fact, did finally arrive—the conviction that the letter was not upon the premises. I felt also, that the whole train of thought, which I was at some pains in detailing to you just now, concerning the invariable principle of political action in searches for articles concealed—I felt that this whole train of thought would necessarily pass through the mind of the Minister. It would imperatively lead him to despise all the ordinary nooks of concealment. He could not, I reflected, be so weak as not to see that the most intricate and remote recess of his hotel would be as open as his commonest closets to the eyes, to the probes, to the gimlets, and to the microscopes of the Prefect. I saw, in fine, that he would be driven, as a matter of course, to simplicity, if not deliberately induced to it as a matter of choice. You will remember, perhaps, how desperately the Prefect laughed when I suggested, upon our first interview, that it was just possible this mystery troubled him so much on account of its being so very self-evident."

"Yes," I said, "I remember his merriment well. I really thought he would have fallen into convulsions."

"The material world," continued Dupin, "abounds with very strict analogies to the immaterial; and thus some color of truth has been given to the rhetorical dogma, that metaphor, or simile, may be made to strengthen an argument, as well as to embellish a description. The principle of the *vis inertiae*, for example, seems to be identical in physics and metaphysics. It is not more true in the former, that a large body is with more difficulty set in motion than a smaller one, and that its subsequent momentum is commensurate to its mass, than in the latter, that a large idea is with more difficulty set in motion than a smaller one, and that its subsequent momentum is commensurate to its magnitude."

surate with this difficulty, than it is, in the latter, that intellects of the vaster capacity, while more forcible, more constant, and more eventful in their movements than those of inferior grade, are yet the less readily moved, and more embarrassed and full of hesitation in the first few steps of their progress. Again, have you ever noticed which of the street signs over the shop doors are the most attractive of attention?"

"I have never given the matter a thought," I said.

"There is a game of puzzles," he resumed, "which is played upon a map. One party playing requires another to find a given word—the name of town, river, state or empire—any word, in short, upon the motley and perplexed surface of the chart. A novice in the game generally seeks to embarrass his opponents by giving them the most minutely lettered names; but the adept selects such words as stretch, in large characters, from one end of the chart to the other. These, like the over-largely lettered signs and placards of the street, escape observation by dint of being excessively obvious; and here the physical oversight is precisely analagous with the moral inapprehension by which the intellect suffers to pass unnoticed those considerations which are too obtrusively and too palpably self-evident. But this is a point, it appears, somewhat above or beneath the understanding of the Prefect. He never once thought it probable, or possible, that the Minister had deposited the letter immediately beneath the nose of the whole world, by way of best preventing any portion of that world from perceiving it.

"But the more I reflected upon the daring, dashing, and discriminating ingenuity of D—; upon the fact that the document must always have been at hand, if he intended to use it to good purpose; and upon the decisive evidence, obtained by the Prefect, that it was not hidden within the limits of that dignitary's ordinary search—the more satisfied I became that, to conceal this letter, the Minister had resorted to the comprehensive and sagacious expedient of not attempting to conceal it at all.

"Full of these ideas, I prepared myself a pair of green spectacles, and called, one fine morning, quite by accident, at the Ministerial hotel. I found D— at home, yawning, lounging, and dawdling, as usual, and pretending to be in the last extremity of ennui. He is, perhaps, the most really energetic human being now alive—but that is only when nobody sees him.

"To be even with him, I complained of my weak eyes, and lamented the necessity of the spectacles, under cover of which I cautiously and thoroughly surveyed the whole apartment, while seemingly intent only upon the conversation of my host.

"I paid especial attention to a large writing table near which he sat, and upon which lay confusedly, some miscellaneous letters and other papers, with one or two musical instruments and a few books. Here, however, after a very long and deliberate scrutiny, I saw nothing to excite particular suspicion.

"At length my eyes, in going the circuit of the room, fell upon a trumpery filigree card-rack of pastboard, that hung dangling by a dirty blue ribbon, from a little brass knob just beneath the middle of the mantle-piece. In this rack, which had three or four compartments, were five or six visiting cards and a single letter. This last was much soiled and crumpled. It was torn nearly in two,

across the middle, as if a design, in the first instance, to tear it entirely up as worthless, and had been altered, or stayed, in the second. It had a large black seal, bearing the D— cipher very conspicuously, and was addressed, in a diminutive female hand, to D—, the Minister himself. It was thrust carelessly, and even, as it seemed, contemptuously, into one of the uppermost divisions of the rack.

"No sooner had I glanced at this letter, than I concluded it to be that of which I was in search. To be sure, it was, to all appearance, radically different from the one of which the Prefect had read us so minute a description. Here the seal was large and black, with the D— cipher; there is small and red, with the ducal arms of the S— family. Here, the address to the Minister, was diminutive and feminine; there the superscription, to a certain royal personage, was markedly bold and decided; the size alone formed a point of correspondence. But, then, the radicalness of these differences, which was excessive; the dirt; the soiled and torn condition of the paper, was so inconsistent with the true methodical habits of D—, and so suggestive of a design to delude the beholder into an idea of the worthlessness of the document; these things, together with the hyper-obtrusive situation of this document, full in the view of every visitor, and thus exactly in accordance with the conclusions to which I had previously arrived; these things, I say, were strongly corroborative of suspicion, in one who came with the intention to suspect.

"I protracted my visit as long as possible, and, while I maintained a most animated discussion with the Minister, upon a topic which I knew well had never failed to interest and excite him, I kept my attention really riveted upon the letter. In this examination, I committed to memory its external appearance and arrangement in the rack; and also fell, at length, upon a discovery, which set at rest whatever trivial doubt I might have entertained. In scrutinizing the edges of the paper I observed them to be more chafed than seemed necessary. They presented the broken appearance which is manifested when a stiff paper, having been once folded and pressed with a folder, is refolded in a reversed direction, in the same creases or edges which had formed the original fold. This discovery was sufficient. It was clear to me that the letter had been turned, as a glove, inside out, re-directed and re-sealed. I bade the Minister good morning and took my departure at once, leaving a gold snuff-box upon the table.

"The next morning I called for the snuff-box, when we resumed, quite eagerly, the conversation of the preceding day. While thus engaged, however, a loud report, as of a pistol, was heard immediately beneath the windows of the hotel, and was succeeded by a series of fearful screams, and the shoutings of a terrible mob. D— rushed to a casement, threw it open, and looked out. In the meantime, I stepped to the card rack, took the letter, put it in my pocket, and replaced it by a *fac-simile* (so far as regards externals,) which I had carefully prepared at my lodgings—imitating the D— cypher, very readily, by means of a seal formed of bread.

"The disturbance in the street had been occasioned by the frantic behavior of a man with a musket. He had fired it among a crowd of women and children. It proved, however, to have been

without ball, and the fellow was suffered to go his way as a lunatic or a drunkard. When he had gone, D— came from the window, whither I had followed him immediately upon securing the object in view. Soon afterwards, I bade him farewell. The pretended lunatic was a man in my own pay."

"But what purpose had you," I asked, "in replacing the letter by a *fac-simile*? Would it not have been better, at the first visit, to have seized it openly and departed?"

"D—," replied Dupin, "is a desperate man, and a man of nerve. His hotel, too, is not without attendants devoted to his interests. Had I made the wild attempt you suggest, I might never have left the Ministerial presence alive. The good people of Paris might have heard of me no more. But I had an object apart from these considerations. You know my political prepossessions. In this matter, I act as a partisan of the lady concerned. For eighteen months the Minister has had her in his power. She has now him in hers—since, being unaware that the letter is not in his possession, he will proceed with his exactions as if it was. Thus will he inevitably commit himself at once, to his political destruction. His downfall, too, will not be more precipitate than awkward. It is all very well to talk about the *facilis descensus Averni*; but in all kinds of climbing, as Catalani said of singing, it is far more easy to get up than to come down. In the present instance I have no sympathy—at least no pity—for him who descends. He is that *monstrum horrendum*, an unprincipled man of genius. I confess, however, that I should like very well to know the precise character of his thoughts, when, being defied by her whom the Prefect terms 'a certain personage,' he is reduced to opening the letter which I left for him in the card-rack."

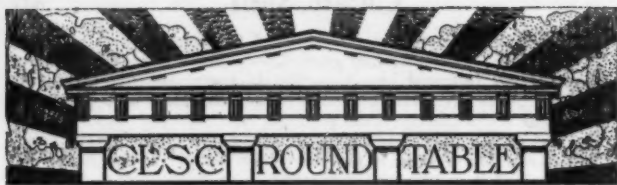
"How? Did you put anything particular in it?"

"Why—it did not seem altogether right to leave the interior blank—that would have been insulting. D—, at Vienna once, did me an evil turn, which I told him, quite good-humoredly that I should remember. So, as I knew he would feel some curiosity in regard to the identity of the person who had outwitted him, I thought it a pity not to give him a clew. He is well acquainted with my MS., and I just copied into the middle of the blank sheet the words—

"Un dessein si funeste,  
*S'il n'est d'Atree, est digne de Thyeste.*"

"They are to be found in 'Crébillon's Atrée.'"





OFFICERS OF CHAUTAUQUA LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC CIRCLE  
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SOME SUGGESTIONS.

Miss Addams' "Newer Ideals of Peace" touches upon a vast number of things which have a direct bearing upon our common life but concerning which many of us are ill informed. Program committees may suggest certain lines of investigation to individuals or groups which will prove valuable. For instance, if there are arts and crafts shops in your town, make inquiries and the chances are that you will learn of various skilled handicraft workers of different nationalities who are furnishing the material for these shops. Near some of our large cities attempts are being made to utilize the talents of foreigners by establishing industrial villages on a small scale. See what you can find out about these.

The George Junior Republic in New York and the Allendale Farm in Illinois are striking examples of efforts to train boys to useful manhood. There are probably other similar projects being worked out. See if there is anything in your part of the country.

Talk with some of the best public school people that you know about the new theories of education alluded to by Miss Addams which are making "industrial construction and evolution a natural basis for all future acquisitions of



knowledge." Get some one to give the circle a short address upon this subject if possible. The Elementary School of the University of Chicago and the Teachers' College of New York City have had wide influence in promoting these methods of education.

## 1908'S CLASS POEM.

In accordance with Dr. Schmucker's suggestion in his letter to the Class last summer at Chautauqua the decision as to a class poem was referred to a committee. After careful consideration "Ulysses" has been selected as the most fitting of Tennyson's poems to express the spirit of 1908, especially as the Class Motto is taken from the closing line of the poem. Dr. Van Dyke says of this and certain other poems of Tennyson's that they embody not what is exceptional and rare, but that which is most deeply human and typical. Ulysses is more than the intellectual adventurer. He is the man strong in will who hopes to do "ere yet the end some work of noble note," possessed by an unconquerable optimism that even reaches out into the dim future, that hazy hopeless future of the far back classic times,

"It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles  
And see the great Achilles whom we knew."

Doubtless many members of the class who have good memories for verse will enjoy familiarizing themselves with "Ulysses" so thoroughly that next summer at Recognition Day exercises at the assemblies, they may be able to repeat it quite independently of the printed page. The poem will be given in full in the March Round Table.

## A PUZZLING "MEMORANDA" QUESTION.

The ardor with which Chautauqua readers plunge into their self imposed duties is pleasantly illustrated by the zeal with which an occasional doubtful question on the yearly "Memoranda" is discussed. Question 24 on the Brief Memoranda seems to be open to some criticism as

it has been challenged by more than one reader. The question was intended to refer to the following countries: England, Ireland, Italy, Germany, and Austro-Hungary. This fable seems to teach that clearness of expression is an essential quality of one who would fill the role of pedagogue.

ANOTHER LETTER FROM CHINA.

A second representative from the China Inland Mission reports for the Class 1908. It has not been given to many members of the class to go through such stormy experiences as have fallen to these Chautauquans on the other side of the world. The best wishes and sympathies of their classmates will be with them. The letter is dated China Inland Mission, Kiukiang, October 17, 1907.

"I am very much interested in the reading of the Chautauquans. My work has been principally itinerating until the spring of this year when I was called away to help in the Famine District so my reading had to be done in dirty Chinese inns after the day's work. On wet days pleasant reading often takes your mind off your unpleasant surroundings, as well as being very instructive. When at home I generally give a part of the day, say a little time after dinner, to the readings.

"I should have been glad to send you a few photographs of our district but unfortunately they are at my station in Kanchow and about a fortnight ago a riot took place in that city and our house and all our property was destroyed, so my photographs and books are all gone. We feel the loss of books. I am very sorry to have lost the back numbers of CHAUTAUQUANS and books of the first three years. I am sending you a photo or two of the relief work in the famine district in Kiangsu where I was working for three months this spring.

"My wife and I are waiting here until the unrest is over in Kanchow. Then we hope to return.

"With kind regards, I am

Yours sincerely,

WALTER S. TYLER."

AN ERROR.

A misprint in question No. 7 of the "Brief Memoranda" should be noted. The date referred to should read 1906 instead of 1896.



W. E. Tyler, O. Burgess, R. A. McCulloch and Relief Party of  
Chinese Officials and Gentry.



The Surroundings of a Chautauqua Reader in the Bermudas.



A Bermuda Chautauquan's daily View.



Filling in Swamps. Mission House in Background.



One of the Homes frequently visited by the Poet Tom Moore when  
in the Admiral's Office in Bermuda.



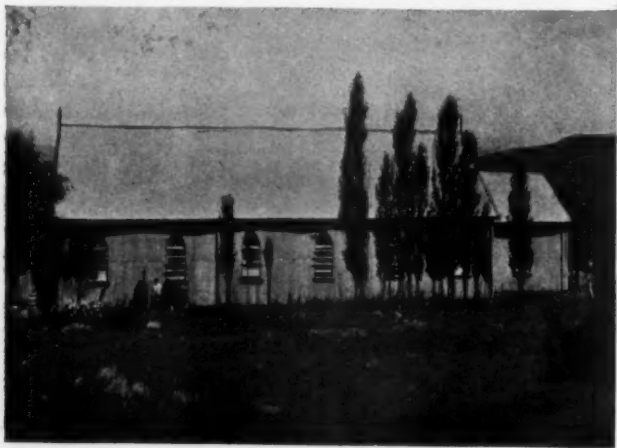
Miss Reid with Chinese Helpers weighing Flour from America.



John Burroughs as photographed  
by one of the "Outlook" Circle.



Members of the "Outlook" Circle  
of Mt. Vernon, N. Y., at "Slab  
Sides."



Dutch Reformed Church at Witzieshoek, Orange River Colony,  
South Africa. One of the Centers of C. L. S. C. Influence.

## ACTIVITIES OF '96.

The members of the Class of '96 held in very high esteem their genial and devoted president, Mr. John A. Seaton, who died suddenly the year before the class celebrated its decennial. A number of "The Progressives" are interested in securing their tablet for the Hall of Philosophy and they feel that the speedy securing of the funds will be a mark of respect to Mr. Seaton's memory since he always succeeded in inspiring the Class with enthusiasm for all its undertakings. Letters are to be sent out to a large number of members of the class but as there may be some unavoidable omissions, those who see this paragraph need wait for no further encouragement but can drop a line to the treasurer, Miss Emily E. Birchard, 28 Penrose Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio. The tablets cost one hundred dollars and it is understood that the class already sees its way clear to fully one-third of the amount so that many gifts, large and small, will insure the placing of 1896's tablet next summer.



## C. L. S. C. MOTTOES.

*"We study the Word and the Works of God."  
 "Let us Keep Our Heavenly Father in the Midst."  
 "Never be Discouraged."*



## OUTLINE OF REQUIRED READING FOR MARCH.

FIRST WEEK: FEBRUARY 25—MARCH 3.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: "As Others See Us." Chapter 12: "Our Monopoly of Wit."

In the Required Book: "Newer Ideals of Peace." Chapter II: "Militarism in City Government."

SECOND WEEK: MARCH 3-10.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: "As Others See Us." Chapter 13: "Our Greatest Critic."

In the Required Book: "Newer Ideals of Peace." Chapter III: "Failure to Utilize Immigrants."

THIRD WEEK: MARCH 10-17.

In the Required Book: "Newer Ideals of Peace." Chapter IV: "Militarism and Industrial Legislation."

FOURTH WEEK: MARCH 17-24.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: "American Painting."

In the Required Book: "Newer Ideals of Peace." Chapter V: "Group Morality in the Labor Movement."

## SUGGESTIVE PROGRAMS FOR LOCAL CIRCLES.

## FIRST WEEK.

1. Discussion of Chapter II in "Newer Ideals of Peace."
2. Reading: "The New Ellis Island" by A. H. Gleason. *Charities*, 19:910. October, 1907 (see also article by Robert Watchorn, the Commissioner of Ellis Island in *The Outlook*, 84:608-10, November 10, 1906, and *Outlook*, December 28, 1907.)
3. Review with careful analysis of "Our Monopoly of Wit" in "As Others See Us."
4. Roll Call: A typical bit of humor from each of the following Americans with a brief analysis of what constitutes the humor. Is it of the sort that could be appreciated in another country: Artemus Ward, Mark Twain, B. P. Shillaber, Bret Harte, Lowell, Holmes, Howells, Saxe, Peter Dunne, and E. W. Townsend.
5. Paper: The Humor of "Alice in Wonderland." Have we any American "Classic" to compare with it?
6. Oral Reports: The Humor of Sydney Smith, Thomas Hood, and Charles Lamb.
7. Selection from "The Mission of Humor" by Samuel McChord Crothers in his volume entitled "The Gentle Reader."

## SECOND WEEK.

1. Oral Reports: Chicago's Juvenile Court Building. (See *Charities*, 17:542-6, December 22, '06, and any other available articles.) Probation Work and the Settlement. (See *Charities*, 18:298-300, June 8, 1907, and other articles.) The Doukhobors. (See references to their experiences in Canada in magazine articles several years ago.)
2. Roll Call: Reports on different nationalities in this country with special reference to their artistic possibilities. Assign one nationality to each member. Many magazine articles are likely to be found which will throw light on the subject. (See suggestions in Round Table regarding arts and crafts shops.)
3. Reading: Selection from Kipling's "McAndrews' Hymn." (See volume "The Seven Seas.") If Morris Rosenfeld's "Poems of the Sweat Shop" can be secured one or two of these might be read. They are most pathetic but show the conditions which can produce such writing.
4. Brief address by some elementary school principal on the new industrial methods developed in many of our advanced schools.
5. Discussion, apropos of pages 86-91 in Miss Addams' book, of the question "In what respects do you think the state could enlarge its activities to the manifest good of the community?" Let every member enumerate as many such activities as possible. How far could these be developed in your own town? The discussion will probably bring out some interesting objections. Two scribes should be appointed—one to note suggestions and the other objections.

## THIRD WEEK.

1. Brief Papers: On Mr. Bryce and his Work; a Sketch of His Career; and Character Study.



2. Brief Book Reviews: Bryce's "Holy Roman Empire;" his "American Commonwealth."
3. Review of article in "As Others See Us"—"Our Greatest Critic."
4. Roll Call: Quotations from addresses by Mr. Bryce. (A great number of magazine articles have appeared upon Mr. Bryce and his work. The *Review of Reviews* for February, 1907, contains an article of some length with portrait.)
5. Review of Chapter IV in "Newer Ideals of Peace."
6. Reading: From article on Edison in this magazine or from article by Miss Balch entitled "A Bohemian Pioneer in Nebraska."

## FOURTH WEEK.

1. Roll Call: Brief reports on various forms of "welfare work" in modern industry. (Under the head of welfare work many magazine references may be found.)
2. Review of article on John Burns in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* for January, 1907.
3. Paper: John Mitchell. (See *The Outlook*, 82:657-62, March 24, '06, and other magazine references.)
4. Debate: Resolved that the Labor Union Movement Should be Discouraged. (Under the head of "Trade Unions" in the Cumulative Index to Periodicals many magazine references will be found, which will help in developing arguments.)
5. Discussion of Article on American Painting with such supplementary pictures as may be available.



## REVIEW QUESTIONS ON "AS OTHERS SEE US."

## CHAPTER XII: "OUR MONOPOLY OF WIT."

1. What was Captain Hall's estimate of American humor?
2. How was the American at the Oxford dinner compelled to revise his view of English humor?
3. What was Marryat's idea of the nature of American humor?
4. What phrase used by Miss Martineau seems to give the key to the situation?
5. What distinction has been drawn between English and Yankee humor?
6. What were some of the early forms in which American humor expressed itself?
7. What can be said of England's great humorists?
8. In what respects is the extravagance of our humor a defect?
9. What instances are given of the French attitude toward Mr. Dooley and Mark Twain?
10. Illustrate the fact that most Americans are not capable of judging foreign wit and humor.
11. How does the author of "The Land of Contrasts" compare English and American humor?
12. What quality and what value does Professor Münsterberg attach to our humor?
13. What criticisms does Mr. Bryce offer?

## CHAPTER XIII: "OUR GREATEST CRITIC."

1. What incidents relating to Mr. Bryce and to Phillips Brooks show their large-minded attitude toward life?
2. How is this same quality illustrated in the case of Sir Charles Lyell?
3. Give instances of critics whose attitude of good will gave them a juster view of their fellow men.
4. Why has Mr. Bryce been peculiarly competent to write such a book as the "American Commonwealth?"
5. What services has this famous book rendered

both to Americans and to foreigners? 6. What strictures does Mr. Bryce make upon us? 7. What is the net judgment of Mr. Bryce in this book? 8. What does our author feel is Bryce's one critical weakness and why? 9. What are some of our greatest evils which have come to the front in recent years? 10. What does Bryce consider is the peculiarity of American public opinion? 11. How does he find that the directive power of the people has been much increased in later years? 12. How does he answer the criticism upon our democratic form of government? 13. In what respects does the character of our education give him confidence?

SEARCH QUESTIONS ON "AS OTHERS SEE US."

1. What works of Sydney Smith have made him famous as a humorist? 2. What claims to distinction have Jerrold and Monckton Milnes? 3. Who was Tartarin? 4. Of what book is Mr. Bryce the author? 5. What connection had he with Mr. Gladstone? 6. Under what circumstances did he visit South Africa? 7. Who is Dr. Albert Shaw?

REVIEW QUESTIONS ON "THE STORY OF AMERICAN PAINTING."

1. What was the condition of landscape painting here in 1828? 2. Who was Thomas Cole? 3. What were the two kinds of Landscapes he painted, and which kind was the more important? 4. What were the characteristics of our early landscape painters? 5. Who brought on a reaction against the teaching of Düsseldorf? 6. Describe the personality of William Morris Hunt. 7. What did he do for American Art? 8. When did the methods and ideas of the modern French painters become known here? 9. Who were the men of the "fifties" and the men of the "seventies"? 10. What did the Centennial Exhibition do for our art? 11. What advance has been made in our landscape painting, and what is the present status of our landscapists? 12. Who were some of our early painters of the sea? 13. What is some of the marine painting being done at present?

ANSWERS TO SEARCH QUESTIONS ON "AS OTHERS SEE US."

1. The attempt of Charles X. to reintroduce an autocracy. 2. A talented Frenchwoman famous for her letters to her married daughter which are of great historical interest as well as literary charm. 1625-96. 3. A French philanthropist. He founded on his estate a model school for the education of poor soldiers' children. Visited the United States 1795-97. 4. John Bull and his Island, Daughters of John Bull. Jonathan and His Continent. 5. A Society endowed by a French philanthropist, Count Chambrun, to collect and distribute free, records and papers connected with the subject of social economics to give assistance to persons wishing to raise the condition of the working classes.



NEWS FROM READERS AND CIRCLES.

At Pendragon's request, delegates had brought to the Round Table such supplementary books and magazine articles as had proved especially timely and pertinent inquiries with frequent use of note books showed the eagerness with which they were gathering ideas from each other's experience.

"Let me call your particular attention," said Pendragon, "to this most important book by Dr. E. A. Steiner, 'On the Trail of the Immigrant.' The pictures it presents are such as to give us not only confidence in the Americans of the future, but despair also, at the cruelty and greed displayed in our country toward the ignorant stranger. The wide distribution of foreigners is strikingly illustrated by letters from our Circles, scarcely one of which comes from a locality, whether hamlet or city, where new Americans are not to be found. There is, however, one novel exception in Windsor, Illinois, a little community of one thousand people with no foreign and no negro element in the population. You'll be interested to note that though they are thus deprived of the opportunity to help work out one of our country's most weighty problems, they propose to get into sympathy with their neighbors by inviting one of the Chicago settlement workers to give them a talk on industrial conditions in that city."

"Our little town of Coudersport, Pennsylvania," commented a delegate, "is saved from being in the same situation as Windsor by our Italian contingent who work in the tannery. As I teach the tannery school, I can realize the steady, though very slow influence of school ideals upon the homes. We have twenty-five members in the Circle—Coudersport has for many years been a Chautauqua town."

"The Italian has found us out also," remarked a public school principal from Clyde, New York. "We have about eight hundred of them. A good deal of farm produce is shipped from this region and we have some manufacturing. 'Races and Immigrants' has stimulated a studious spirit among our twenty-five members. We use the questions in THE CHAUTAUQUAN and have certain members ready also to speak on specific topics assigned them. I am myself very enthusiastic over the Chautauqua reading and put a great deal of time on it with profit and pleasure to myself."

The delegate from Freeport, New York, explained the comparatively small number of immigrants in that town by its purely suburban character, not far from New York, near the ocean, and much of a summer resort, as well as a winter residence community. "We have a fine Circle," she said, "and have studied Mr. Commons' book with great care, though we haven't as yet done much in looking up our foreign population. You may be interested to know that 'trout flies' and other bait are manufactured here, more 'flies' than in any other place in the world. Some two hundred girls are engaged in this work."

"Here is quite the opposite condition," returned Pendragon as he looked through some recent letters. In Moosup, Connecticut, where the Circle is just a year old, named 'Bestor,' by the way, for their Class President, they report that the town is a manufacturing one and composed mostly of foreigners. They have a great chance to gather statistics and incidents that would be very profitable. News from the Circle at San Antonio, Texas, indicates a very wide-awake set of men and women, who have been clearing up their ideas on the 'referendum' and studying the immigrant. This excellent newspaper report shows that they are keeping the work of the Circle before the community.

"You'll be interested in these foreign photographs," continued Pendragon. "Three of them as you will note are from China and the accompanying letter from our fellow Chautauquan has the plucky ring characteristic of the missionary who goes into his work for better or for worse. This view of a plain wooden church has just come from the Orange River Colony in South Africa, Witzieshoek, which is one of the pivotal points of the Dutch Chautauqua Reading Circle in that country." "I see," he continued, "that one of our delegates, Miss Cox, has some photographs to add to the collection."

"Strictly speaking," said Miss Cox, "I suppose I am a foreigner since I come from Bermuda, but as I've spent a summer at Chautauqua you ought not to find it difficult to assimilate me when I come again as I hope to in 1909. I have read the course thus far amid the lovely surroundings shown in these photographs. Our home overlooks the Atlantic and this is the first view that greets me every morning. Since I finished the reading for my English Year I have found some very interesting reading forming a kind of link between that and the American Year—Dickens' 'American Notes' and Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's 'Reminiscences.' At the end of the English Year I could read Birrell's 'Obiter Dicta,' with added zest and I followed it up with Carlyle's 'Sartor Resartus.' I am well started now on the American Year. It is delightful and I mean to see what I can find in our library about your early artist Feke who died in Bermuda. I was also much interested in the sketch of Bishop Berkeley's life. I think it very enterprising of the colored people here to name their best hall of learning 'The Berkeley Institute.' I enjoyed Professor Schmucker on Audubon and note with interest that he leads 1908 through the Golden Gate. I trust 1909 too may reflect credit upon its Alma Mater."

"May I add two more photographs to the collection?" The speaker was a member of the Outlook Circle of Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

"They are not foreign," he said. "I took them myself last summer. You will all recognize one of them at least, Mr. John Burroughs at Slab Sides. The other shows a little group of our members who paid him a visit last summer on Memorial Day. A member of our circle, Miss Arnold, is a personal friend of Mr. Burroughs and through her we enjoyed this privilege. I suggest that you ask our delegate, Miss Ethel Lewis, to tell you of the second trip of the Outlook Circle to Slab Sides on election day and of the subsequent visit of Mr. Burroughs to Mt. Vernon." The members of the Round Table promptly seconded Mr. LePage's suggestion and Miss Lewis acquiesced, humorously warning the audience that her tale might prove as long as one of Scheherazade's:

"There were twenty-three of us," she said, "and of course we should not have ventured to invade Mr. Burroughs' retreat but for the friendly introduction of one of our members. It was election day and the men of our company having left their votes behind them ere they started, our Chautauqua convictions of duty were satisfied and we abandoned ourselves with glee to the charms of the journey up the banks of the Hudson. At Hyde Park, Mr. Julian Burroughs met us with a yacht and our lovely river never seemed more enchanting than it did then. A path straight up through the woods brought us to the famous naturalist's picturesque cabin and Mr. Burroughs himself met us at the door. He cheerfully answered all our curious questions about the house and his share in the great chimney, the front door and many other details. Then as we gathered about the wood fire he told us stories of his days in the woods with President Roosevelt which made us quite eager to see his new book, 'Camping and Tramping with Roosevelt.' At our host's suggestion we disposed ourselves in the many comfortable corners available, while we had our picnic luncheon, Rover, the dog, expressing his approval of us and our viands with becoming frankness. After visiting Mr. Burroughs' famous celery garden we scrambled up under his direction to Julian Rock where we had a superb view, our guide who quietly assured us that he was 'seventy years young,' naturally proving to be the best climber of us all. Back to Slab Sides and then to Mr. Burroughs' village home for a glimpse of his study, and the first chapter of this pleasant experience was over.

"We couldn't hope to give him in return a fraction of the pleasure that we had enjoyed in our Slab Sides visit, but we did our best two weeks later to make him feel the heartiness of our welcome. We invited the Edelweiss and Williamsbridge Circles and as the most fitting subject that we could think of arranged a

program on Walt Whitman. Mr. Burroughs could not come at the beginning of the meeting so we had two preliminary papers upon the poet which put us in a Whitmanesque mood, and when our guest arrived we gave him the Chautauqua salute and installed him in a big arm chair near the fire place. Then he talked in his informal and alluring fashion which fascinated us all. He told of his life-long friendship with Mr. Whitman, of the poet's habits and his friends, of his hours of generous, heroic service in the hospitals during the war at which time he contracted the disease which ultimately caused his death. You can imagine that we are all prepared to look upon Whitman's life and work from a new point of view after Mr. Burroughs' introduction." The delegate lingered a moment as the applause subsided. "Perhaps you'll give me a few minutes more," she continued, "to show you some of the everyday workings of our circle, for we have capital times and the immigration question has proved a tremendously live subject. One of our members, a teacher, gave us a remarkably interesting paper on 'What our Public Schools are doing for Our Foreign Born Children.' The paper was based on her own experience in one primary grade in one school in one small city, but it was typical and very enlightening to us. Then we had an account of Mr. Watchorn's work on Ellis Island and at that same meeting an able address by Mr. Benjamin C. Marsh of the Committee on Congestion of Population in New York City on 'Some Methods of Assimilating Immigrants.' He assured us that the smaller communities had a chance to serve their country in no slight degree by helping to devise methods for coming into more helpful relations with our immigrants. Then I must tell you briefly of our debate in December on 'Resolved, That it would be an advantage to the United States for Congress to amend the immigration laws, with a provision for the exclusion of illiterates of sixteen years or over.' Two members were appointed to debate on each side and a large number of arguments were brought forward. This is not the place to repeat them but if any of you have debated this subject you'll realize what a good one it is. The judges decided in favor of the negative, though oddly enough an informal vote taken on the merits of the question itself was in favor of the amendment of the law."

"The Outlook Circle is to be congratulated," said Pendragon in closing "upon its use of its opportunities to connect literature and life. Few of our circles can have the privilege of friendly intercourse with distinguished authors, but there are many ways of applying our reading in daily life. Use your town as a laboratory."

